CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

DECEMBER 2001 | JANUARY 2002 $4.95

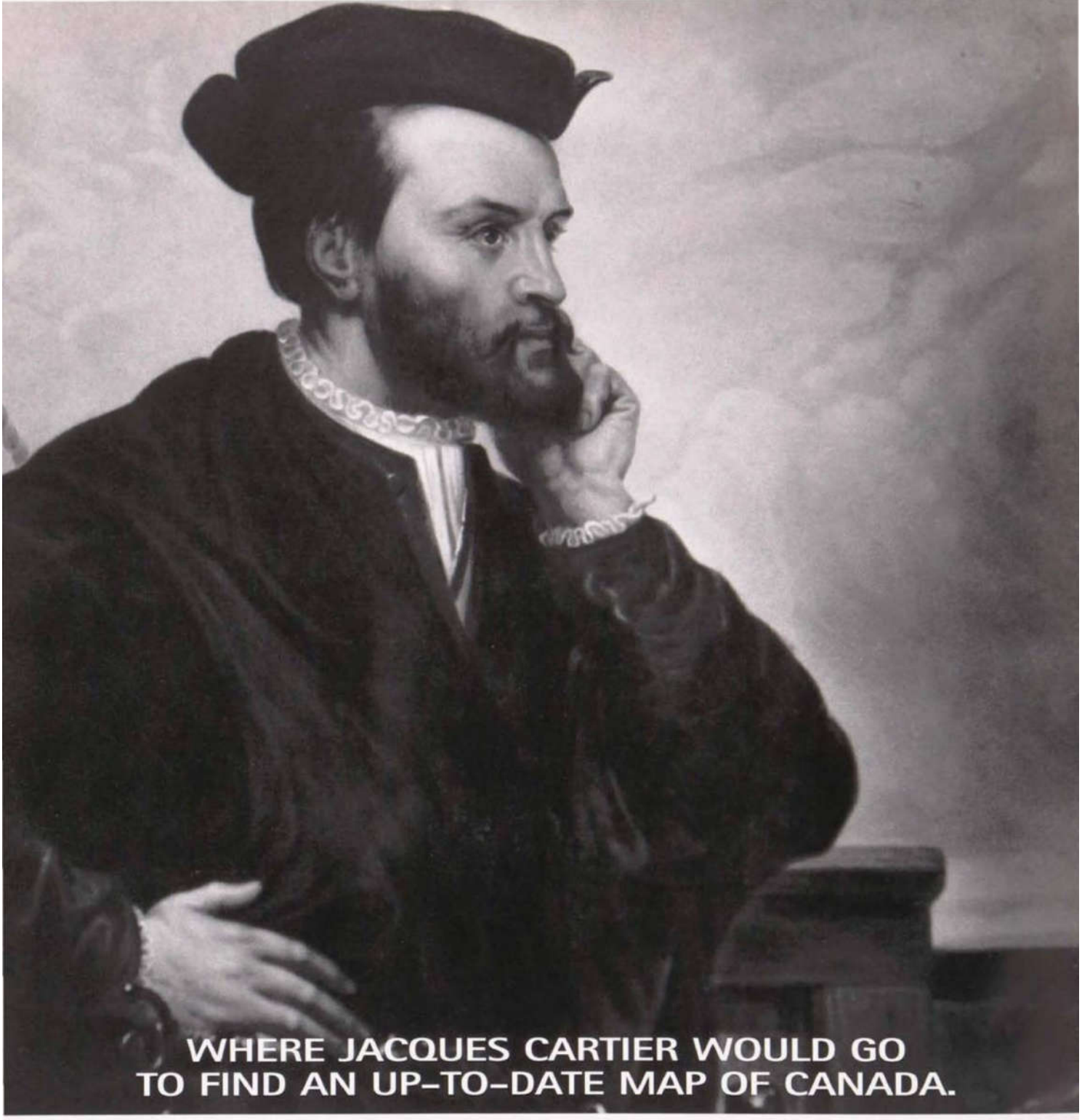
Who Is Emma Lake?

Borden's Siberian Adventure

Crazy Canucks of '33

The ski team that stormed Europe

Lord Gordon: *The great swindler*



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The Beaver

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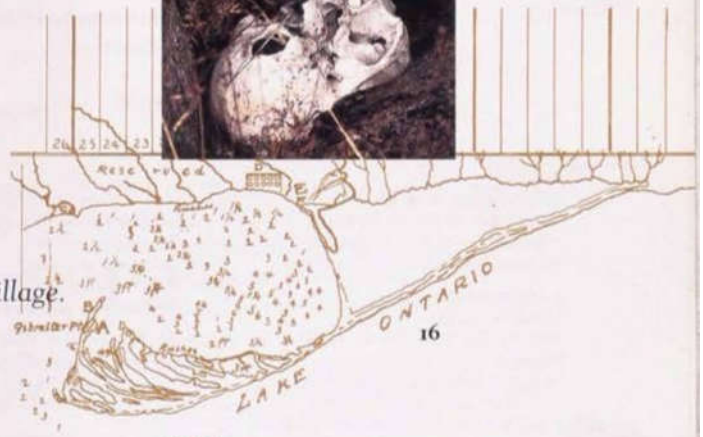

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On the cover: Detail from poster courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Archives / image no. A6518

Letters

I remember Mama

MEMORIES OF THE 1920S were stirred by "Washday: The Weekly Ritual" [August/September 2001], especially the picture of the motor-driven machines on page 19. My mother's machine was like a small factory: the tub was mounted on a platform about eight feet long, which carried a wringer mounted on a frame that could be moved from the washer, to the rinse tub, to the "blue" tub, and finally to the clothes basket. This machine was set up in a lean-to behind the kitchen and was driven by a Fairbanks-Morse 'Z' engine, which had its own little engine house. My father filled the tubs and started the engine, while my mother transferred the boiled clothes from the stove to the washer. After that, she was on her own. Alas, the contraption wore out just as I grew old enough to man the washboard, and I learned what people meant when they spoke of "working their fingers to the bone."

R.W. (Bob) Harris
Pleasantville, Nova Scotia

Subject and title

I DO NOT AGREE with Christopher Moore's article, "Nickle for a Title" [October/November 2001], which takes the position that we have reached a consensus that titles are un-Canadian and undemocratic. He quotes the attitudes taken in 1919 by Nickle, Laurier, and Borden, which, to my mind, represented a rather unsophisticated stage in our thinking. There is no more graceful way to recognize someone's service than by a title. We have the Order of Canada as a vehicle to carry it – it needs only a knight level bearing the honorific "Sir" – and, if we wanted to hold on to Conrad Black, perhaps a knight-commander level with the honorific "Lord." Now I ask you, what could be nicer than that!

Edward Ross
Ottawa, Ontario

Klondike clean

I ENJOYED THE ARTICLE "Washday: The Weekly Ritual," although doing laundry is depicted as mainly a woman's job. I thought the *Beaver* might be interested in these pictures of men in the Klondike doing their laundry. A hundred years ago, there was at least one woman who had a laundry in Dawson City, and there were some women who took in laundry at home. However, if a man was out on the creeks, he would not leave his claim for a routine trip into town to have his washing done.

Betty Mackie
Victoria, B.C.

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.
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Place out of time

THE ARTICLE "Brief Empire" [August/September 2001] states that the Hudson's Bay Company employee Hamilton Moffat travelled from Prince Rupert in 1852. Prince Rupert did not come into existence until the 1900s and was not a community until 1910. In all probability, the Hudson's Bay Company was in Port Simpson, an Indian village in close proximity to present-day Prince Rupert.

D. Gomez
Prince Rupert, B.C.

P.S., I love you

HAVING BEEN BORN and later married around the same time as Kathlyn and Harvey Fish, I was most interested in "Kathlyn's Letters" [October/November 2001]. Like many other women, Kathlyn bravely kept the home fires burning. And if there were children, of course she had to be Mother and Father, not being able to assure them if Dad would ever return, but able to keep hope very high, just the same.

Understandably, we did not share the more intimate parts of Kathlyn's letters, but on March 7, 1945, she did send an intimate message to Harvey, which made it even to page 14 of the *Beaver*. The armed forces air letter shown there has the stamp inverted. No! I do not think that Kathlyn was careless in applying it; I think she did it on purpose. In the stamp language of that day, the inverted stamp carried a most intimate message: "I love you."

Thank you, Lynn, for sharing such beautiful memories with us.

Gordon P. Williams, Westbank, British Columbia

Review reviewed

ALTHOUGH HIS REVIEW of *Fatal Passage* [October/November 2001] lacked any sense of proportion and neglected to acknowledge that my book is the first to make a complete case for reconsidering John Rae's place in history, I would like to thank William Barr for pointing out a few errors of detail; certainly, any mistakes will be corrected before the Canadian hardcover goes into its fourth printing and before the American edition appears next spring.

On the other hand, because I write for a broad international audience, I decline to apologize for following the convention of equating "north" with "up" and "south" with "down." *Fatal Passage* was never "billed" as a work of creative nonfiction, and I can only laugh at Barr's knee-jerk reaction to the term. Having admitted, grudgingly, that "the biography reads well and all the major events in Rae's career are reported accurately," he suggests, without offering a shred of evidence, that I have awarded myself "a licence to rewrite the facts of history." What a crock! The text itself reveals, for example, that John Rae misidentified Thomas Mistegan as "a brave Cree hunter."

My success with *Fatal Passage* has apparently gone to Barr's head; fortunately, readers of the *Beaver* will be aware that nothing clouds the judgment like professional jealousy. John Rae lives!

Ken McGoogan
Calgary, Alberta

Artsy by marriage

IN HIS ARTICLE IN THE JUNE/JULY ISSUE, "The Massey Report, Fifty Years Later," Paul Litt makes the comment that "The Massey Commission originated in the creative mind of Brooke Claxton, minister of national defence in the late 1940s. His portfolio made him an unlikely sponsor of cultural initiatives, but Claxton ... was a cryptoartsy."

Brooke Claxton was married to Helen Savage, sister of Annie Savage, a well-known painter and art teacher in Montreal who was very active in promoting the arts. She was a good friend of A.Y. Jackson, and some of her paintings are held in the collection of the National Gallery. The third Savage sister, Queenie, married Terry MacDermot who taught at McGill University, was principal of Upper Canada College in Toronto, and worked for the League of Nations. Their son, Galt MacDermot, wrote the music to the rock opera *Hair*. Their daughter, Anne McDougall, a journalist, has at least one book to her credit (*Anne Savage: The Story of a Canadian Painter*, Harvest House, Montreal). Even if Brooke Claxton did not have any obvious interest in the arts, he was related to a family that was very active in the arts and would have educated him about the needs of the arts community.

Roger Thomas
Carp, Ontario

Warrior Princes

YOUR REPORTING ON THE MEDALS of Sgt. Prince [October/November 2001] brings to mind another Sgt. Prince, the first Canadian airman killed in the air war against Germany in WWII. Born in Montreal, he was in the RAF and took part in a raid on the cruiser *Emden* on September 4, 1939. This was actually two days before Canada declared war on Germany. You can get the full details on the Nanton Lancaster Society website at <http://www.lexicom.ab.ca/~Nanton>.

Don Currie
North Vancouver, B.C.

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Currents

Take the day off

December 24: To celebrate the introduction in 1781 of the Christmas tree in Sorel, Quebec, by a German immigrant, Baron Friederick von Riedesel. Continue what you've been doing all month: shopping, wrapping, baking, decorating, etc., etc.

December 31: To mark Queen Victoria's choosing Ottawa to be Canada's new capital in 1857. Toss a dart at a map.

January 3: To observe the opening in 1863 in Halifax of Canada's first covered skating rink. Learn the difference between a lutz and a salchow.

January 22: To honour the seventieth anniversary of the first broadcast of the first episode of the first radio drama produced in Canada, *The Romance of Canada*, produced by Tyrone Guthrie. Don't touch that dial.

The name game

Pierre, Pierre, Bo-bierre ... Bananafana, Fo-fierre ... Fe, Fi, Mo-mierre, Pierre!

Doing a riff on Shirley Ellis's improbable 1965 hit *The Name Game* may be an odd way to introduce the topic of commemorating Pierre Elliot Trudeau but, there you go, that's just the way our mind works.

More than a year after the death of the fifteenth prime minister, there are murmurings and grumblings across the land that Trudeau's name has yet to be attached to anything important and public and landmarklike. There's an airport named for Lester B. Pearson and a lake named for John Diefenbaker and a university named for Laurier and, no doubt, a heap of schools named after our small heap of prime ministers (yes, there *is* the Collège Pierre-Elliott-Trudeau in Winnipeg). But there's nothing really really big named after him. The current, yet-to-be-commemorated prime minister erred last year when he rushed to rename Mount Logan shortly after Trudeau's funeral, but the defenders of nineteenth-century geologist Sir William Logan (who will be featured in the February/March 2002 edition of the *Beaver*) put an end to that idea. So what shall be named for Pierre Elliott Trudeau? Somewhere there's something grand unnamed or under construction that would benefit from the P.E.T. moniker. Wisely, however, various powers-that-be – the Canadian Heritage Department and the Trudeau Foundation, for instance – are biding their time. Well, what's the rush anyway? Still, you may direct your suggestions their way, if you're so inclined.

ROBERT COOPER / NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-207183

Website of the month

All this talk of war lately reminds us that the peaceable kingdom, as Canada is sometimes called, has from time to time been at war, or at least in an altercation of some nature. You could, for instance, turn to page 25 of this issue to read about one such military foray – the Siberian Expeditionary Force – but you could also log onto <**www.rootsweb.com/~canmil**>, the Canadian Military Heritage Project's website, to read about a whole lot of them, from the French-Indian wars of the seventeenth century through the War of 1812, the Fenian raids, the North-West Rebellion, the South African War, World Wars I and II, to the Gulf War of 1991. This comprehensive site provides historical background for each conflict, timelines, battle lists, weapons inventories, uniforms, biographies, letters home, music, poetry, and more links than a sausage shop. Who were those Family Compact members in the Rebellion of 1837? Click on the Rebellion of 1837 and find out. You might have a yen to know the names of everyone killed in the Boer War and how they died (lots of enteric fever, for one thing). Perhaps you have an ancestor who fought there. The South African War section reveals all. Forgot the words to those World War I songs? (How *could* you?!) Refresh your memory at the World War I entry. Need a biography of General Wolfe, Tecumseh, or Gabriel Dumont? They're there. And so on. Indeed we're hard pressed to come up with anything military the site hasn't covered.

And we have a winnah!

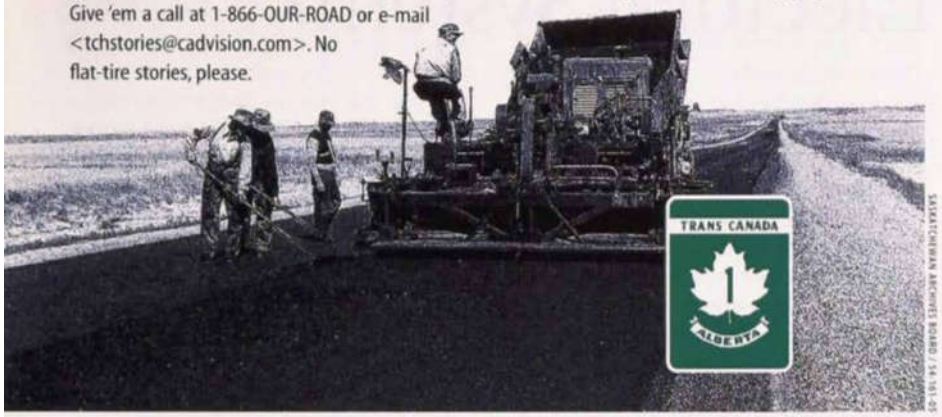
Seems like a shoo-in to us, what with the Empress Hotel and B.C.'s legislative building, and the Crystal Gardens and all that stuff, but the City of Victoria has won the 2001 Prince of Wales Prize from the Heritage Canada Foundation, which is presented annually to a local government that shows exemplary commitment to the preservation of built heritage. Victoria, capital of British Columbia since 1871, was honoured for making heritage conservation part of its policies, programs, and overall planning strategy, thus preserving a heap o' heritage buildings. Congratulations and keep up the good work.

Meanwhile, should your community be facing the loss of a heritage building for want of money, the Heritage Canada Foundation's new Landmark Preservation Program may be able to help in fundraising. To take effect January 15, the foundation will advertise on its website <**www.heritagecanada.org**> and in its quarterly publication projects undertaken by local, provincial, or territorial groups involving the acquisition, restoration, and preservation of heritage properties. Any monies solicited in this way will be passed on to those groups with registered charity status undertaking them. Especially helpful to small communities with outstanding landmarks but few funds, the program is a way for all Canadians to help slow the loss of the country's dwindling heritage building stock.

THE PRINCE of WALES PRIZE

The Last Stripe (with apologies to Pierre Berton)

Well, there was the time we had a flat tire outside of Portage la Prairie. Would that do? No? Okay, we're not hurt. There's probably more entertainment value in stories of a quirky, poignant, or illustrative nature if you're going to be doing a documentary film on the Trans-Canada Highway. Calgary filmmakers Kevin Alexander and David Schultz are definitely not seeking the quotidian for *The Longest Road*, as they are plainly and accurately calling their ninety-minute National Film Board–produced documentary, scheduled for airing on History Television sometime in early 2003. (The Trans-Canada Highway, which formally opened in 1962 at Rogers Pass, not far from Craigellachie, site of the CPR's last spike, is indeed the longest national highway in the world – the *Canadian Encyclopedia* says so.) Having done a film on the contraption that makes use of a highway (*Chrome Dreams*, about America's love affair with the automobile), Alexander and Schultz logically decided to turn their attention to the highway itself. To that end, they are looking for personal stories of people who have worked on, lived near, or travelled along the TCH over the last half-century. Were you, for instance, a Greyhound bus driver plying that route? Give 'em a call at 1-866-OUR-ROAD or e-mail <tchstories@cadvision.com>. No flat-tire stories, please.



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Dot–dot–dot

Guglielmo Marconi had planned to test the transmitting of radio signals across the Atlantic from Cornwall to Massachusetts, but danged if a wind didn't knock down the antennas he'd set up at Cape Cod just when he was leaving for England. At St. John's, Newfoundland, however, he was offered a new site at Signal Hill, and, as they say, the rest is history. Marconi attached a copper antenna to a kite that he flew fifty-five metres above the ground, and at 12:30 P.M. (NST) on December 12, 1901, he heard over his earphones the distinct dot–dot–dot ('S') of the Morse Code coming from Poldhu, Cornwall. And thus began a new era of global communication.

Cabot Tower

During the run-up to the centenary of Marconi's feat this December, Newfoundland has been engaged in much Marconimania, including exhibits in the Cabot Tower at Signal Hill and in the Provincial Archives of Newfoundland, kite festivals, books, plays, even commemoration in textile art. The day itself, December 12, 2001, will be a Marconifest in St. John's. Those who have the misfortune not to be there that day – well, most of us – may tune in to CBC Radio One to hear *This Morning* host Shelagh Rogers broadcast from the Battery Hotel adjacent to Signal Hill National Historic Site. Those within reasonable proximity may attend the unveiling of an interpretive panel at Signal Hill or the launch at Cabot Tower of a commemorative QSL card (which is the ham-radio operator's version of the collect-'em-and-trade-'em baseball card). Or participate in a global high-school message exchange at Signal Hill or a commemorative worldwide signalling from Cabot Tower by the Society of Newfoundland Radio Amateurs. Or join a ceremony at Mile One Stadium coinciding with the hour Marconi received the trans-Atlantic wireless signal. Or have dinner with the Historic Sites Association of Newfoundland and Labrador that evening. There may even be an attempt to replicate the 1901 signalling using period radio equipment. For further information check out <www.gov.nf.ca/marconi>. Always Marconian, never draconian.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C51439

Goodbye mellow brick store?

Once upon a time, long, long ago, before the explosion of suburban shopping malls and the absolute triumph of private transit, there lived in downtown Winnipeg a great big red-brick department store, a fine example of the Chicago warehouse style. Now this department store – Eaton's, it was called – was beloved of the people of the city. Built in 1905, it was the third Eaton's store in Canada and the first in the West, and though as years went by it became less important commercially, it nevertheless remained an important social institution. But one day, around 1999, its owners filed for bankruptcy, and the store was no longer a store. It sat empty on Portage Avenue. There was much unhappiness in the land. Might this piece of Winnipeg heritage be saved? Might it be turned into co-op housing units like the Woodward's store in Vancouver? Or business offices? Or a hotel? No, the store would be torn down forthwith and a $125 million arena and sportsplex would take its place, it was announced in spring 2001 with barely a how-do-ye-do. There then rose up a wailing and gnashing of teeth from those dedicated to the local history and heritage. There were protests and court challenges. An alternative hotel-and-apartment-plan was put forward by the Save The Eaton's Building Coalition (www.saveeatonsbuilding.ca). Demolition of the building to make way for the sportsplex was put off until spring 2002. Will the forces of Sport and Light Entertainment prevail? The damsel is tied to the tracks and the train fast approaches. Is it too late? Will Eaton's fall to the wrecker's ball? Is this really The End?

Stay tuned.

Is It Time to Change Canada's Electoral System?

Canada's Fathers of Confederation, in contrast with their Australian counterparts, did not ask if the first-past-the-post (FPTP) electoral system inherited from Britain suited a federal country dispersed over far-flung regions.

And few Canadians today ask if it makes sense that the composition of Parliament and all ten provincial legislatures is determined solely by which candidates placed first in each electoral district. In part, we do not ask because we are unaware that only a handful of the world's advanced democracies still use FPTP. Even well-educated Canadians know little about political institutions in countries other than the U.S. and U.K. So even when aware of the anomalies FPTP has produced in this country, Canadians tend just to shrug: trying to fix the electoral system is like trying to fix the weather.

There have been some attempts at electoral reform since Confederation. It was under pressure from Progressive Party MPs from the new Western provinces that consideration was given to changing the electoral system on two occasions in the 1920s, but the bills did not pass second reading. In the next decades, a few experiments with the form of proportional representation (PR) known as the *single transferable vote* were undertaken in Western cities and provinces – mainly as a means of preventing labour-based forces in the CCF and its predecessors from winning power. With the fading of this "threat" in the 1950s, these efforts were abandoned. In Quebec in the early 1980s, an investigatory commission advocated adoption of PR. The recommendation was endorsed by the Lévesque cabinet, but, due to lack of support among the MNAs, never presented to the legislature.

The issue arose nationally again in the late 1970s and early 1980s, when a partial form of PR was advocated by the Pepin-Robarts Task Force on Canadian Unity. NDP leader Ed Broadbent also came out for such a change. When the Liberals were returned to power in 1980, without one MP from the three most westerly provinces, Prime Minister Trudeau promised to consider changes to the electoral system, but let the matter drop due to lack of support in the house.

In recent years, the case for electoral reform has been revived. The results of Canada's recent federal elections are becoming political-science textbook cases of the distortions that can occur under FPTP. A few examples:

Effect on parties: In 1993, the voters repudiated the ruling Progressive Conservatives, but the electoral system decimated Canada's oldest party. Rather than the forty-six MPs that a system in which parties elected a number of legislators proportional to their support (PR) would have given them, the Tories managed only two.

Effect on regions: In 1997, two thirds of all the Liberal MPs were elected from Ontario, where the Liberals won only 48.5 percent of the vote but 101 of 103 seats. This left almost none for Reform, which actually received many more votes in Ontario than it did in Alberta.

Weak opposition: Recent elections in P.E.I. and British Columbia ended up kicking the party in power not just out of the government, as the voters wanted, but, effectively, out of the legislature.

Second-choice wins: In the last Quebec election in 1998, with their support concentrated in non-francophone ridings, the provincial Liberals garnered the most votes (43.6 to the PQ's 42.9 percent) but elected only forty-eight MNA's compared to the Parti Québécois' seventy-six. Moreover, no room was left for parties representing the middle group of Quebeckers who prefer a compromise short of sovereignty, and do not define themselves along this fault line. The Action démocratique, which takes such a position, won 14 percent but only one seat.

Hyperpolarization: In Ontario, successive elections in the 1990s produced majority governments ideologically more extreme than the majority of Ontario voters; first, the NDP on the left, then the Conservatives on the right, though neither won anywhere near the support of 50 percent of the voters.

Given the distortions of recent elections, every Canadian political party but the one that counts has endorsed some form of electoral system reform.

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

Mike Harris' policies are somewhat reminiscent of those of New Zealand's National (conservative) Party between 1990 and 1993. But, unlike Ontarians, New Zealanders came to understand that electoral institutions needed to be changed if they wished to avoid narrow, ideology-driven agendas imposed by a party with a majority of seats but a minority of votes.

A New Zealand Royal Commission proposed, and the people in 1992 and 1993 referenda ratified, the German-style electoral system known as "mixed-member proportional." MMP is the proportional system most acceptable to the ordinary FPTP voter who wants to continue to elect the best person as her MP, but wants also to support the party whose priorities for governing are closest to her own, and expects that everyone's choices will be fairly reflected in the seats won. Under MMP, voters vote twice, once for their constituency MP, and once for a party list. MMP gives each party that achieves the required minimum of the popular vote (5 percent in New Zealand and Germany) an overall number of seats proportional to its share of the popular vote, with half coming from the single-member districts, and the rest from party lists (the number allocated so as to bring each party to overall proportionality).

Like any form of proportional representation, MMP makes majority government a thing of the past. New Zealanders had a hard time accepting the first coalition that MMP produced (between 1996 and 1999) but are more comfortable with the second one now in power.

Given the distortions of recent elections, every Canadian political party but the one that counts has endorsed some form of electoral system reform. The Liberals, who benefit greatly from FPTP since they never have to share power, refuse even to consider it.

When pressed on the subject, spokespersons for the party, like House leader Don Boudria, claim that international experience proves that PR causes unstable and ineffective governments—"like in Italy." The reality is that PR is used in the great majority of stable, successful democratic countries, including the Nordic- and German-speaking countries and the current models of economic success, the Netherlands and Ireland. The Italian form of PR had no effective threshold, which allowed many small parties to elect members to the legislature, making it difficult to form stable coalitions. Worse, until 1988 there were secret ballots in the legislature, which made the coalition agreements virtually unenforceable.

A minority Liberal government would have had little fear of being defeated in Parliament since the other four parties have so little in common. Of course, it would have had to work hard, its majority not always guaranteed in advance. Or it could negotiate a coalition, as in Saskatchewan where, failing to win an absolute majority of seats in the 1999 election, Roy Romanow invited Liberals to sit in the cabinet.

We often look back upon the postwar decades as a period of good government. Yet of the nine federal elections that took place between 1957 and 1979, six resulted in minority governments.

Even in Britain, homeland of FPTP, much has changed. The electoral systems adopted by the Blair government for the elections of members of the European Parliament, and the new Scottish, Northern Irish and (though less so) Welsh assemblies and Greater London Council allow for close to proportional outcomes.

There is one finding on which the political science literature is quite definitive. Women do better at getting to be members of PR elected legislatures. This is due to the simple fact that PR systems use lists from which—unlike winnable single-member districts—it is hard to exclude women.

The same logic applies to visible minorities. Under FPTP, the New Zealand Maori representation was limited to their reserved seats. Under MMP, they are proportionately represented. More generally, compared to FPTP, proportional systems are more representative and fairer in bringing sectors of the community in under the umbrella of democratic institutions by facilitating their entry into the legislature and giving them a more important role to play in the governing process. This applies both to groups linked by ascribed characteristics like gender, and to groups united by programmatic objectives, like environmentalists.

One manifestation of this greater inclusiveness is the higher average turnout under PR.

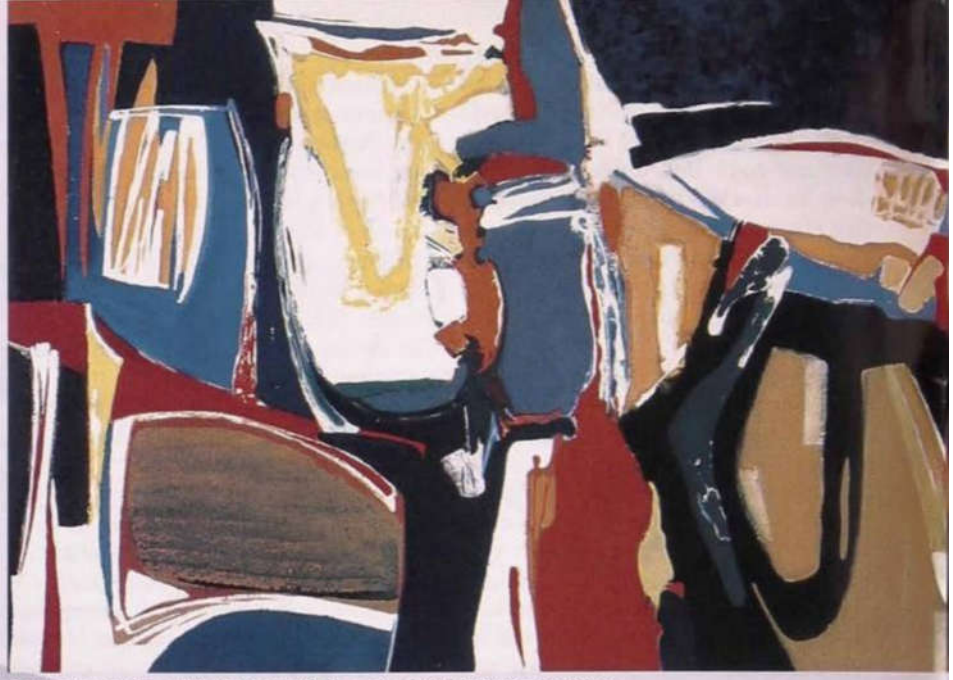
In my current work, I show that countries with PR-based political institutions will have a greater proportion of citizens with the knowledge to use their citizenship competently. The starting point is the relative stability of the features of the political map under PR. Voters can count on a relatively clearly drawn and stable political map on which to plot their own paths.

Moreover, under FPTP, parties know that the choices of a relatively small number of voters can make the difference between monopolizing political power and having none whatsoever. With politics as a zero-sum game, distorting the opponent's position (through appeals to emotion, negative advertising, and the like), while keeping one's own policies vague, pays off. This is not the case with PR.

The anomalies noted above have mobilized groups of interested citizens to take action. Fair Vote Canada (www.fairvotecanada.org), a national movement for electoral reform, was recently formed, as were organizations in Quebec (Mouvement pour une démocratie nouvelle: http://pages.infinit.net/mdn) and B.C. (Fair Voting BC: www.fairvotingbc.com). And, embarrassed by their lopsided majorities, the governing parties in P.E.I. and B.C. have opened the door to consideration of electoral reform.

Federally the picture looks bleak. Yet, this could change the day the Liberals find themselves in a minority position and forced to rely on another party's support, that support being conditional upon the establishment of a commission to explore electoral reform. An unlikely prospect, indeed, but no more unlikely than in New Zealand fifteen years ago.

Henry Milner is a professor of political science, Vanier College, Quebec; an adjunct professor, Department of Political Science, Université Laval, Quebec; and visiting professor at the University of Umeå (Sweden). His book *Civic Literacy: How Informed Citizens Make Democracy Work* will be published in December by the University Press of New England (distributed in Canada by UBC Press). In 1999 he edited *Making Every Vote Count: Reappraising Canada's Electoral System* (Broadview 1999).



Douglas Morton. *Emma Lake Abstract*, 1960. Enamel on board / 121.9 cm x 243.8 cm

The Emma Lake Encounters

For a brief, vital moment, egos, politics, and the international art world converged in an isolated Saskatchewan artists' colony.

by Mark Reynolds

When Barnett Newman first arrived at Emma Lake, Saskatchewan, in 1959, he was the newly crowned darling of the New York arts scene, fresh from his breakthrough exhibitions in New York and London. However, the American painter did not know a lot about Canadian geography.

"He got out of the car and peered around and asked, 'Where's the North Pole?'" remembers Ronald Bloore, a painter and the director of the Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery in Regina at the time.

Why Newman – who would go on to paint the controversial *Voice of Fire* that now hangs in the National Gallery in Ottawa – would travel to northern Saskatchewan to lead a workshop for local painters is an interesting question. On being invited, Newman quipped, "Where the hell is Saskatchewan and who is Emma Lake?"

The truth of the matter is that by 1959 Emma Lake was already a significant institution in the western Canadian arts scene. The Murray Point Summer School of Art was launched at Emma Lake in 1936. Spearheaded by painter Augustus Kenderdine and organized through the University of Saskatchewan on a plot of land in the northern woods of the province, the school was supposed to provide its students with an exposure to nature. Nature was "the most fitting subject to paint," according to Kenderdine, and it was his hope that the students who set up their tents and easels by the shores of the northern lake would perfect their Victorian-style landscape paintings.

Kenderdine died in 1947. By the time of his death, Saskatchewan had moved out of a depression that saw the exodus of a quarter of a million westerners and was becoming more prosperous. The art department at Regina College (a campus of the Saskatoon-based University of Saskatchewan) went from informal classes taught by Kenderdine in the physics building to becoming a full-fledged

Ted Godwin. *Blue Move*, 1961. Oil on canvas / 167.6 cm x 198.1 cm

COLLECTION OF DOUGLAS MORTON

Douglas Morton trained as an artist in Winnipeg, Los Angeles, Paris, and London before arriving in Regina in 1954. An accomplished landscape painter, he was soon influenced by the abstract philosophy that prevailed at the Emma Lake workshops. Morton went on to a career as an academic art administrator at a number of Canadian art schools. He continues to paint in Toronto.

Roy Kiyooka, who taught at the Regina College School of Art, was a regular participant at Emma Lake before leaving in 1959 for Vancouver. Though he would not be included in the National Gallery show that would identify his colleagues as the Regina Five, Kiyooka was a significant artist in his own right. At his death in 1994, the multitalented Kiyooka was acclaimed as a visual artist, sculptor, filmmaker, photographer, writer, and poet.

Ted Godwin's *Blue Move* (below, left) was one of the paintings that signalled his move to abstraction. Exhibited in the *Five Painters from Regina* show mounted by the National Gallery, it brought him national attention. At Emma Lake, he worked with Barnett Newman, John Ferren, and Jules Olitski, among others. Godwin taught for two decades at the School of Art in Regina and in the late 1960s became known for his more formal Tartan series. In 1974, Godwin returned to representational painting with his landscapes. Though some criticized this change, one commentator calls him "the finest landscape painter in Canada today." He currently lives and works in Calgary.

COLLECTION OF THE CANADA COUNCIL ART BANK / PHOTOGRAPHER: YVAN BOUCHERCE

Roy Kiyooka. *Untitled (Hoarfrost)*, 1960. Acrylic on masonite / 152.5 cm x 183 cm

COLLECTION MS. K. SOLOWAY / PHOTOGRAPHER: TEN HUANG

fine arts school – the fourth in Canada. The Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery, the first 'A' gallery in the province, opened in 1953 (an 'A' gallery is one that can support a major touring exhibition).

Of perhaps greater significance was the 1944 election of Tommy Douglas's Co-operative Commonwealth Federation – the first avowedly socialist government in North America. Four years later, they created the Saskatchewan Arts Board (SAB), which set about funding arts groups and building an art bank for the use of Saskatchewan artists. One year later, the Massey Commission would recommend the creation of the Canada Council, which would perform a similar function on a national level.

North Americans – especially those whose political leanings were more to the left – were fascinated with the sudden arrival of a democratically elected socialist government in an obscure and largely agricultural Canadian province. Artists especially were attracted to the prairies to help contribute to the socialist dream.

Ted Godwin was a twenty-six-year-old commercial artist in Regina when he first met Barnett Newman. He remembers those years in Saskatchewan as heady days.

"All the great liberal intellects of the times were there to see the great socialist experiment," he said. He himself had come from Calgary to take advantage of the stronger arts scene in Regina.

In 1950, three years after Kenderdine's death, twenty-four-year-old Kenneth Lochhead was appointed director of the School of Art at Regina College. The Ottawa-born painter had been educated at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Despite his youth, he had the confidence of the dean of Regina College, William Riddell, who was also the director of the SAB. The arrival of Lochhead signalled a shift in the Saskatchewan art scene. He hired Arthur McKay and Roy Kiyooka as professors, and helped plan the MacKenzie Gallery, which was associated with the college and opened in 1953. He also spearheaded a fundamental change in the organization of the Emma Lake school.

"We felt so isolated. We asked ourselves what would create more of a lively scene," Lochhead recalled. He hit upon the idea of an artists' workshop. The idea was to invite an established artist to lead a two-week workshop after the six-week university class. The SAB would provide money for an honorarium, and professional Saskatchewan artists could pay a fee to spend a fortnight in the woods learning from a successful painter.

As the director of the MacKenzie Gallery, Ron Bloore was less isolated than some other Regina artists, but he recalls his early years in Regina as frustrating for a group of young and ambitious painters anxious to participate in the larger art world.

"We used to see the planes flying overhead, and we'd yell 'Hey, come down and see what great stuff we're doing here!'" he recalls. "And then they did." Famed Vancouver artist Jack Shadbolt led the first workshop organized by Lochhead in 1955. That proved to be a success, so the next workshop was led by Joseph Plaskett, also of Vancouver.

At William Riddell's suggestion, 1957 saw the first American lead the workshops at Emma Lake – William Barnet of New York's Art Students League, who came on the recommendation of Shadbolt. Barnet – who insisted on going into Prince Albert every week to shower – recommended Newman for the following workshop.

Newman's visit had a major impact on many of the artists at Emma Lake that year.

As a member of the New York School that included such legends as Jackson Pollock and Mark Rothko, Newman had a real-world credibility that no Canadian artist could match. In addition, his recent solo exhibition in New York had earned him many favourable notices in major publications. He was well on his way to becoming an art superstar.

Newman did no painting at Emma Lake, nor did he bring examples of his own work. In fact, he didn't do much in the way of conventional art instruction at all.

"What I made clear was that anyone can make a good painting, that anyone can make a beautiful thing, but that a great work of art must be *created* and that painting is a matter of high purpose," he wrote later.

Douglas Morton had come to Regina from Winnipeg in 1954 to run his family's business. Already trained at the Académie Julian and L'École des Beaux Arts in Paris, the young artist was impressed by Newman's unorthodox teaching style.

"He wouldn't lecture or show slides or anything. He just talked about what art was and what the attitude of the artist should be," he recalls.

Godwin remembers Newman's visit as infusing the assembled artists with a new energy.

"I was standing about eight feet from Art [McKay], and Barney comes up to him and said, 'You've made a nice painting. Is that all you want to do?' Right after that, Art did *Struggle of Jacob and the Angel*," which Godwin believes was one of McKay's best works.

Excited by the ideas and energies they had imported to the wilds of Saskatchewan, the artists of Emma Lake were eager to make their mark on the world. In particular, Bloore, Lochhead, Godwin, McKay, and Morton were more determined than ever to create paintings that pushed the boundaries of art. They got their chance in 1961, when Bloore organized the *May Show* at the MacKenzie Gallery to coincide with the Canadian Museums Association meeting in Regina. A show of local artists, it had both architecture and sculpture, as well as paintings by the five young artists.

The *May Show* caught the eye of Richard B. Simmins of the National Gallery, who had been Bloore's predecessor at the MacKenzie Gallery. He decided to take painters of the *May Show* to Ottawa as a window on the new energy in Regina's art scene.

The National Gallery show – which would end up travelling the country – was called *Five Painters From Regina*. Though they quickly became known as the Regina Five, the group deny that they have a collective identity. "I call it Canada's paint-by-numbers tendency," said Lochhead. "There's the Group of Seven, the Painters Eleven, and us."

Douglas Morton said that though the painters are perceived as a group, they had no unifying ideals or approach to art. "It was friendship and

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-210146 / JOHN REEVES COLLECTION

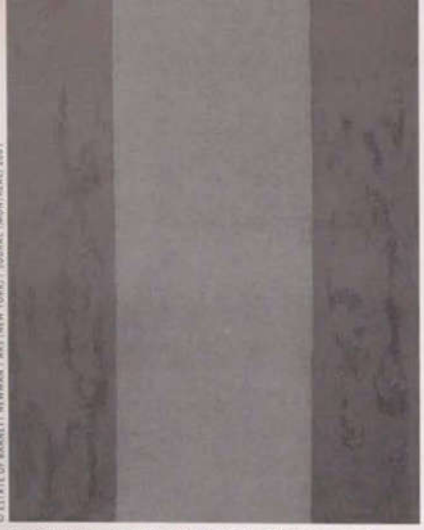
As a member of the New York School, Newman had a real-world credibility that no Canadian artist could match.

Barnett Newman, above left, with Canadian sculptor Robert Murray, 1964. Newman's 1959 workshop at Emma Lake was described by Art McKay as a "breakthrough" that "marked a turning point in [the artists'] artistic development." Newman, one of the most influential painters of his time, believed that art should transcend traditional aspects of decoration and representation and focus on the concepts of shape, colour, and atmos phere to evoke strong mystical and spiritual responses. Newman became Murray's mentor when the sculptor moved to New York in 1960.

After rejecting traditional American realism, and destroying most of his own paintings of the 1930s and 1940s, in 1948 Newman began painting the large colour-field paintings divided by vertical elements, or zips, that would become his signature. Despite angry criticism from both within and outside the artistic community (controversy followed his work throughout his career and after his death), Newman persisted. The idea that a painting need not refer to anything outside of its own surface was revolutionary, and by the 1960s, Newman's art had become a major influence for colour-field painters and minimalists.

The Regina Five (right, from left) in 1964: Art McKay, Ken Lochhead, Doug Morton, Ted Godwin, Ron Bloore. Soon after this picture was taken, Lochhead departed for Winnipeg, Bloore for Toronto, and Godwin for Vancouver. Morton taught at the School of Art for a few more years before moving on; Art McKay was the only one who remained, assuming directorship of the school from Lochhead.

COLLECTION OF PHYLLIS WANDA GODWIN / PHOTOGRAPHER: DON HALL



NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA / PURCHASED 1977 /
© ESTATE OF BARNETT NEWMAN / ARS | NEW YORK / SODRAC (MONTREAL) 2001

Barnett Newman. *The Way I*, 1951. Oil on canvas / 101.6 cm x 76.2 cm

While studying in New York in 1956, **Art McKay** observed firsthand the rise of the Abstract Expressionist movement. In 1959, as acting director of Regina's School of Art, he extended the invitation to Barnett Newman to lead that summer's Emma Lake workshop. The painting below was the first that reflected Newman's influence. Critic Clement Greenberg considered McKay's "new paintings" among "the best and most ambitious painting" he'd seen in Canada. After Greenberg savaged the Canadian art scene, McKay, as one of the critic's few favoured artists, defended the Emma Lake workshops and the importance of international cultural exchange in *Canadian Art*. McKay returned to the representational with his landscape work in the 1970s. He was the only member of the Regina Five to remain in Saskatchewan, teaching at the University of Regina until 1987. He died August 3, 2000.

Arthur McKay. *Struggle of Jacob and the Angel*, 1959. Blackboard slating on paper / 50.8 cm x 66 cm

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common interests ... we were contrary to the established artists in Regina, and experimental," he said. "We had no group philosophy except to see what doors we could open."

Though the painters themselves did not perceive themselves to have a collective identity, the Canadian art world quickly established one for them. Naomi Jackson Groves of *Canadian Art* described the *Five Painters* show as "a strong one, full of contrasts, and quite unlike any other group's work in Canada today. ... Regina ... can feel proud of her five as their works tour this relatively dull domain."

Just as the Regina Five were achieving renown, Clement Greenberg agreed to lead the 1962 Emma Lake workshop. The famed critic was capable of making and unmaking a painter's career, and he was not shy about sharing his opinions. His arrival was like a boulder dropped into the centre of placid Emma Lake.

To say that Greenberg was a controversial figure is an understatement. In his seminal essay "Avant-Garde and Kitsch," published in *Partisan Review* in 1939, he set out an unapologetically elitist and rigorously intellectual vision of art. Art could not be true art if it found its meaning in something outside of itself, according to Greenberg, who dismissed representational art as "synthetic art."

"Content is to be dissolved so completely into form that the work ... cannot be reduced in whole or in part to anything not itself," he wrote.

Though this was supposed to also exclude politics, Greenberg is rumoured to have participated in a 1950s CIA Cold War propaganda campaign. In the battle to win the hearts and minds of the world's nonaligned countries, it was necessary to show that the United States was not only economically and militarily superior to the USSR, but also culturally superior. Showcasing the challenging, intellectually demanding art espoused by Greenberg at international exhibitions proved to the world that the United States was a progressive, enlightened nation.

While Greenberg was probably the most respected critic of the day when he came to Emma Lake, his reputa-

tion was already under fire. There were rumours that he dictated to artists what to paint – and that artists could only get his stamp of approval if they did what he said. By many accounts he was an imperious, short-tempered, womanizing autocrat.

In addition to this, pop art – kitschy representations of consumer culture – had become instantly popular in the United States. Greenberg made no secret of his distaste for its lowbrow ethos. However, as a cutting-edge art phenomena that was both original, accessible, and better yet, understood and admired by the American public, pop art was a public relations coup for the U.S. government. Greenberg's decline as an arbiter of taste had begun.

In the early sixties, Greenberg was looking for artists untainted by New York's art fashions whom he could use to reestablish his place in the New York art firmament. He began to scour the artistic hinterlands of North America.

When Lochhead found out that Greenberg was coming to Canada to write a survey of the Prairie arts scene for *Canadian Art*, he jumped at the opportunity to invite him to lead the Emma Lake workshop.

Landscape painter Dorothy Knowles remembers Greenberg's visit well. The Saskatoon-based artist, who still has a cabin on Emma Lake, befriended the New York critic. Despite his reputation, she denies that he demanded anyone paint in any specific way.

"He was very generous – he'd talk to anyone about their work," she recalled. "I had a great deal of respect for his eye – but I didn't always operate on his principles."

Though Greenberg's workshop was significant to many of the Emma Lake painters, the real impact of his visit wasn't to be felt until the following year, when his article in *Canadian Art* was published. Greenberg's article covered the art communities of Saskatoon, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, and Winnipeg. He was not pleased with much of what he saw.

"The general impression made by the abstract art I saw [in Calgary] was one of timidity and irresolution," he wrote. Edmonton he called "provincial," while Winnipeg "revealed a little

AGNES ETHERINGTON ART CENTRE, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY / GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. S. ZACKS

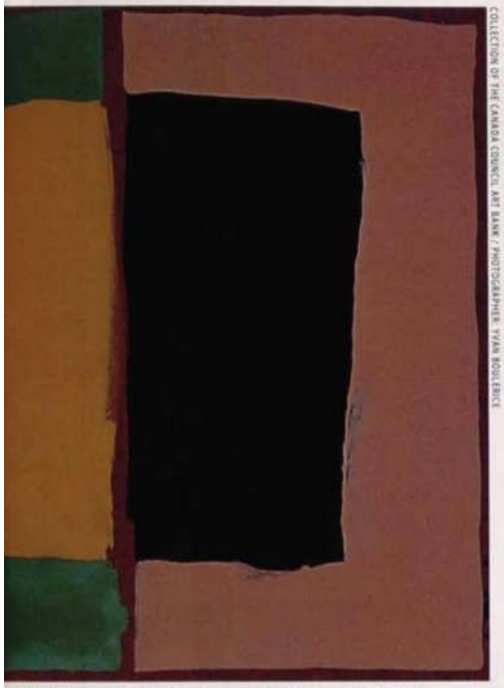
Ronald Bloore. *Yellow Green Painting*, 1961. Oil on composition board / 198.1 cm x 121.9 cm

Kenneth Lochhead. *Left*

As director of Regina's Norman Mackenzie Gallery from 1958 until 1966, **Ron Bloore** gained a reputation as an influential and bold curator for his commitment to contemporary art. His 1961 *May Show* presented the work of seven artists, including painter Roy Kiyooka and architect Clifford Wiens, and was a precursor to the National Gallery's *Five Painters from Regina*. Bloore was known for his use of symbols and textured surfaces and for his all-white paintings from the early 1960s. Bloore left Regina in 1966 for a teaching career at York University in Toronto, where he taught until 1990. He continues to paint in Toronto.

Greenberg was looking for artists untainted by the art fashions of New York whom he could use to reestablish his place in the ... art firmament.

In 1950, at the age of 24, **Ken Lochhead** was appointed director of Regina College's School of Art. Five years later, he would initiate the first Emma Lake Artists' Workshop, in which Saskatchewan



COLLECTION OF THE CANADA COUNCIL ART BANK / PHOTOGRAPHER: YVAN BOUCHER

of Centre, 1962. Enamel on masonite / 122 cm x 122 cm

artists could exchange ideas with leading contemporary artists. Though he wasn't present for Barnett Newman's 1959 workshop, Lochhead was clearly influenced by the New York painter, and later that year would leave behind surrealism for the pure abstraction promoted by Newman. Lochhead would return to representation in the 1980s, exploring figures and landscape. He continues to work in Ottawa.

More than a critic, **Clement Greenberg**, left, at Emma Lake in 1962, was the undisputed czar of the mid-century American art world. At his most powerful, he could make or break an artistic career. In his revolutionary 1939 essay "Avant-Garde and Kitsch," Greenberg laid out his ideas on abstraction and rejected realistic, content-based art. By the early 1960s, with his influence fading and his own orthodoxies being challenged, he came to Emma Lake. The following year, his criticism of the Canadian art scene shocked many of the artists who had supported him, though he would feature two of the Regina artists in the *Post Painterly Abstraction* show in Los Angeles. Strident and opinionated, he eventually alienated most of the artists whom he had promoted. He died in 1994.

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less timidity than Calgary, but perhaps even greater irresolution."

Reaction to Greenberg's survey was immediate. *Canadian Art* was inundated with outraged letters to the editor, many of them in a tone of wounded nationalism.

"We were accused of provincialism, but Greenberg, in bringing his too-small New York eye to focus on the prairies, proved himself provincial," wrote one outraged reader, the artist Stanford Blodgett.

Greenberg did not despair of all that he saw in Canada. His article was generally favourably disposed to the Emma Lake participants, and the members of the Regina Five in particular. He was especially fond of Art McKay and Ken Lochhead. In fact, Greenberg decided to include these two artists in a show he had agreed to curate at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art entitled *Post Painterly Abstraction*.

Much of the hostility that had been directed at Greenberg began to spill over to those perceived as his favoured children – the Emma Lake painters, many of whom had aligned themselves with Greenberg's ideas. So great was the hostility that Arthur McKay was moved to write "Emma Lake Artists' Workshop: An Appreciation" in *Canadian Art* in 1964.

"There has been a great deal of controversy over these recent workshops and the artistic temperature of the area has been raised on occasion to a fever," he wrote. "Curiously enough we accept political coercion, economic domination, Coca-Cola, and predigested mass communication, while we resist exposure to the more humane and civilized arts from the U.S.A."

Even as the Emma Lake workshops and the Regina Five were at the peak of their fame, it started to come apart. The *Post Painterly Abstraction* exhibit was critically savaged in L.A. – one reviewer accused Greenberg of "structuring the exhibition to assert a personal notion of style," rather than presenting a new kind of art as he had claimed.

The exhibition, featuring painters from Canada, Vermont, Washington, D.C., and California, was supposed to show the vitality of art from the "regions." Scheduled to tour the U.S. and culminate in Greenberg's triumphal return to New York, the exhibition limped out of L.A. to Minnesota, and then to Toronto, where it quietly died.

Though Greenberg was on his way down, it seemed that Emma Lake and the Regina Five were the major stars in the Canadian art firmament. Greenberg returned to Regina several times, curating an exhibit at the MacKenzie Gallery in 1963, and even considered accepting a teaching position with Regina College. In 1987 he returned to the province again to accept an honorary degree from the University of Regina. He recommended painters whose work he championed to lead workshops at Emma Lake. He even wrote Lochhead that he saw Saskatchewan as New York's only major competitor.

Indeed, the Emma Lake workshops had done much to raise the profile of Canadian art in New York. Some Emma Lake participants had gone on to successful careers in the U.S. A *Canadian Art* editorial pointed out that "What with ... the fantastic interest in western Canadian art as a result of the Emma Lake workshops, the New York art world is more aware of painting ... in Canada than most artists and officials here realize."

Under ordinary circumstances, the Emma Lake workshops and the status of the Regina Five as major painters should have been assured – recognized here and abroad, there seems to be no reason why they so quickly sank into relative obscurity.

When the Emma Lake workshops were first conceived, Saskatchewan was not only isolated from the art centres in America and Europe, but in Canada as well. Then, as now, there was resentment to the cultural hegemony exercised by the Toronto and Montreal arts communities. Emma Lake was an attempt to break free of the eastern axis.

"There has been a thin red line of boxes from Ontario to the 'A' galleries in the provinces," wrote McKay in 1964. "We have been fed a tax-supported diet of English conservatism, late and little."

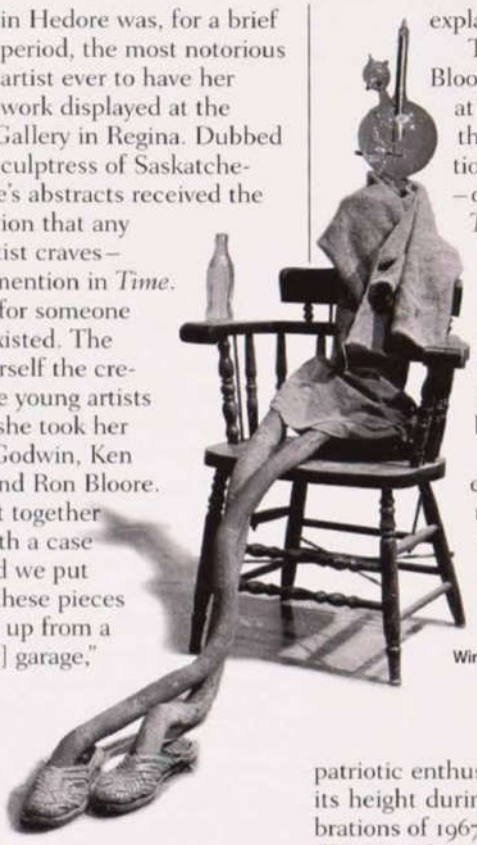
By this time, McKay was swimming against the tide. The Canada Council, and the beginnings of a new

Sweet Sculptress of Saskatchewan

Win Hedore was, for a brief period, the most notorious artist ever to have her work displayed at the MacKenzie Gallery in Regina. Dubbed "the Sweet Sculptress of Saskatchewan," Hedore's abstracts received the sort of attention that any Canadian artist craves – including a mention in *Time*.

Not bad for someone who never existed. The artist was herself the creation of three young artists from whom she took her name – Ted Godwin, Ken Lochhead, and Ron Bloore.

"[We] got together one night with a case of beer – and we put together all these pieces I had picked up from a [government] garage," explains Lochhead.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY MACKENZIE ART GALLERY

Win Hedore. *Self-Portrait*, 1960.

Taking advantage of Bloore's position as curator at the MacKenzie, the three mounted an exhibition of abstract sculptures – one appropriately titled *The Anarchist* – purportedly by the mysterious Hedore. The three men left a full explanation of the show at the information counter for anyone who asked. Nobody did.

Bloore recalls the exhibition being so popular that he had to gently dissuade one man from purchasing one of the pieces that consisted of some cinder blocks and a smashed-up water pail.

"I got 'em hook line and sinker," he grins – claiming that Hedore kept a listing in the *Canadian Dictionary of Artists* for years after her October 1960 debut.

When the Regina *Leader-Post* finally discovered the hoax, the public was not amused.

"They ran a headline that said REGINA PUBLIC HOODWINKED; FIRE THE WHOLE STAFF," laughs Lochhead.

The pranksters had their comeuppance when Clement Greenberg came to Regina two years later. Lochhead showed the critic slides of the sculptures, telling him that most had been returned to the junkyard.

Lochhead remembers the critic's response: "The last laugh's on you guys – some of these are pretty good!" ◘

—M.R.

et cetera

The Flat Side of the Landscape: The Emma Lake Artists' Workshops (show catalogue), curator/editor John O'Brian. Mendel Art Gallery, Saskatoon, 1989.

Barnett Newman: Selected Writings and Interviews, ed. John O'Neill. Knopf, New York, 1990.

Clement Greenberg: A Life, by Florence Rubenfeld. Scribner, New York, 1998.

Art and Culture: Critical Essays, by Clement Greenberg. Beacon Press, Boston, 1961.

The Return, documentary on Roy Kiyooka and the Saskatchewan art scene of the '50s and '60s, by Fumiko Kiyooka. Distributed by Moving Images Distribution, (604) 684-3014, <www.movingimages.bc.ca>.

A World Away: Stories from the Regina Five, by Mark Wihak, will be aired on Bravo! November 25, 2001 at 8:00 ET. Check Bravo's website <www.bravo.ca> for subsequent airings. The documentary is distributed by Chat Perdue!, email: mfhak@interlog.com.

View the work of individual artists on the MacKenzie Art Gallery website, under 'The Collection': <www.mackenzieartgallery.sk.ca>.

patriotic enthusiasm that would reach its height during the centennial celebrations of 1967, were creating a sense that Canada need no longer seek overt artistic guidance from outside of itself. Where in 1955 the cultural world of the United States was something that could be learned from, now it was an insidious influence to be protected against.

Things changed in Saskatchewan, too. Ken Lochhead left Regina in 1964 – the same year the Liberals ended twenty years of CCF rule in the province. One by one the others began to leave as well. Only Art McKay of the original Five stayed in Saskatchewan.

The workshops themselves continued until 1995, never again reaching the fever pitch of controversy that they did in the early sixties, though prominent artists continued to lecture there. In art circles, the workshops carried the taint of Greenberg and his ideas.

The Regina Five all went on to have successful careers as artists and teachers. They generally try to distance themselves from that period, pointing out that it only occupied a brief period of time, ending almost as soon as it had begun. Ron Bloore, who Greenberg had identified as the leader of the group, and whose painting least reflected the late critic's ethos, remains bitter that the Emma Lake connection has continued to haunt his professional life.

"Here in Toronto, I'm just seen as a Saskatchewan kid," he said, "If you knocked off the Regina Five we'd all be better off."

Douglas Morton doesn't quite see it that way. In his mind, Emma Lake, and all that came with it, was a learning experience – "taking a bit from this person, a bit from that." Despite the great political and theoretical debates that took place at the time, he doesn't feel that the workshops defined him as an artist. Saskatchewan at the time was a place of new ideas and energies – even Greenberg noted its public was "less set in its ways than most publics." For a group of young ambitious artists on the fringes, the Emma Lake workshops were something to rally around – them against the world.

"It was a generational thing," said Morton. "It was there at the right time." ◘

Mark Reynolds is a Montreal-based freelance writer. His last feature on jazz in Montreal appeared in the June/July issue of the *Beaver*.

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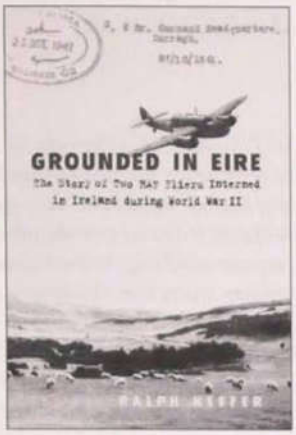
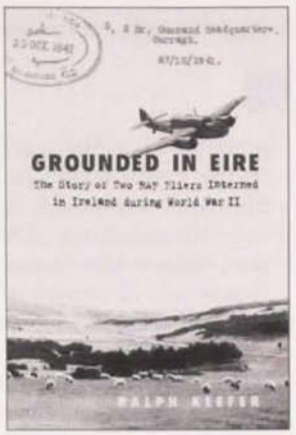
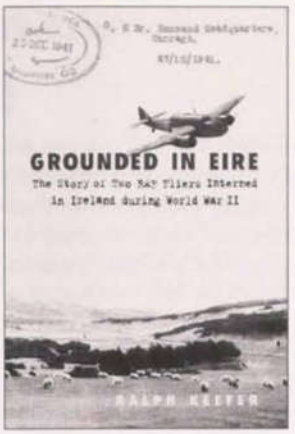
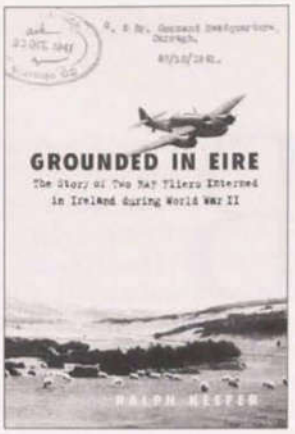
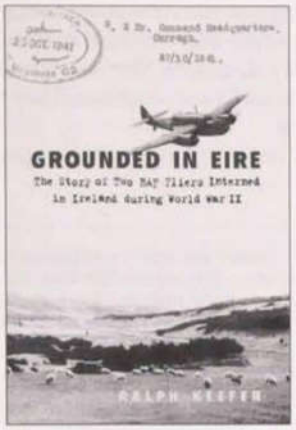


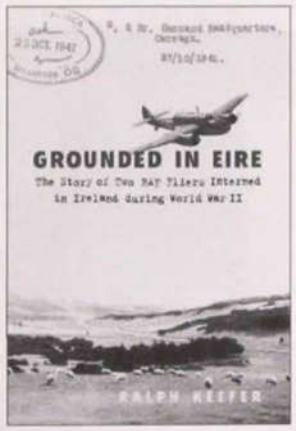


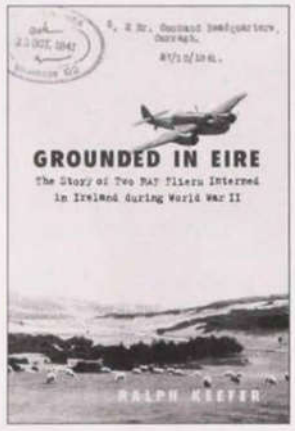






Recounting the often amusing experiences of two Canadian flyers held as POWs in Ireland during World War II, ***Grounded in Eire*** offers insight into a little-known aspect of the war and provides a testament to courage and friendship in the face of unusual obstacles.





GROUNDED IN EIRE

The Story of Two RAF Fliers Interned in Ireland during World War II

BY RALPH KEEFER • ISBN 0-7735-1142-3 • $32.95

McGILL-QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Case for Mr. Berczy

by Robert M. MacIntosh

Between August and October of 1794, a group of about seventy German families took up land in Markham Township, thirty kilometres northeast of present-day Toronto, and began to erect forty winter huts and lay plans for a school, a church, and a grist mill. When they left northern Germany two years earlier, they never expected to find themselves in the unbroken forests of the Upper Canadian hinterland. In fact, they never expected to find themselves in Upper Canada at all. They had been enlisted by a restless and quixotic fellow German, William Berczy, acting on behalf of a group of British speculators, to develop a large tract of land in the Genesee Valley in western New York state, about eighty kilometres east of Niagara. Berczy, who was born Johann Albrecht Ulrich Moll in southwest Germany, the son of a diplomat, had spent most of his fifty years to that date as a merchant, government official, portrait painter, and architect in Poland, Turkey, Hungary, Italy, and, finally, England. But he had a craving for adventure and, ultimately, for wealth. Among his art students in London were the daughters of Sir William Pulteney, a member of the Genesee Association. In an extraordinary career change, Berczy agreed to recruit peasants from the Hamburg area and lead them in a migration to the New World.

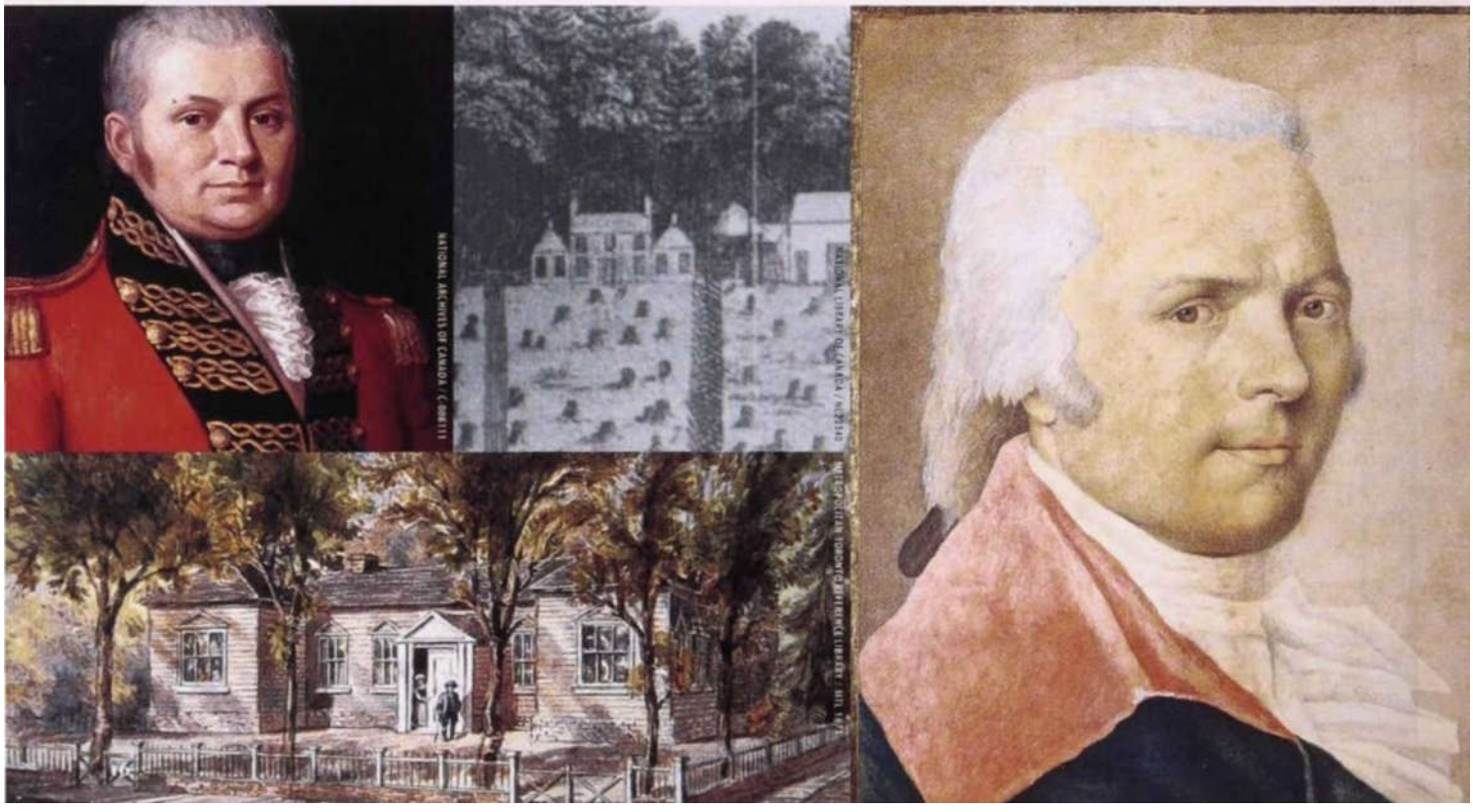
But the manager of the Genesee tract, a scheming Scot named Charles Williamson who favoured his own countrymen as settlers, contested Berczy's mandate and intrigued with local American authorities to deprive the Germans of their claims. Taking advantage of the Americans' antipathy toward aliens whose countrymen had served the British as mercenaries in the recent Revolutionary War, he persuaded them to hold the Germans as indentured labour. They were ordered not to leave the area.

The resourceful Berczy, however, engineered a spectac-

COUNTERCLOCKWISE, FROM TOP LEFT: JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE, PAINTED BY JOHN WYCLIFFE LOWES AROUND 1900. BORN IN ENGLAND IN 1752, SIMCOE WAS A THIRTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD VETERAN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR, THE HUSBAND OF A WEALTHY HEIRESS, AND A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF THE COMMONS (WHERE HE LOBBIED TO SECURE A MILITARY OR COLONIAL APPOINTMENT) WHEN THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORSHIP OF THE NEWLY CREATED LOYALIST PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA WAS OFFERED TO HIM IN 1791. FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS HE PROMOTED A NUMBER OF AMBITIOUS PLANS FOR THE PROVINCE'S DEVELOPMENT, MOST OF WHICH WERE OVERLOOKED BY THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT. UNDER DIRECTION FROM LORD DORCHESTER, HE ESTABLISHED A MILITARY BASE AT YORK, WHICH BECAME THE TEMPORARY CAPITAL OF UPPER CANADA AND ITS PERMANENT CAPITAL AFTER HIS DEPARTURE. SIMCOE LEFT THE PROVINCE IN 1796.

RUSSELL ABBEY, THE NICKNAME OF THE NEO-CLASSICAL FRAME BUNGALOW OF PETER RUSSELL, WHO WAS APPOINTED ADMINISTRATOR OF UPPER CANADA AFTER SIMCOE LEFT THE PROVINCE IN 1796. BERCZY SUPPLIED THE DESIGNS AND OVERSAW THE CONSTRUCTION AT THE CORNER OF WHAT WOULD LATER BECOME FRONT AND PRINCES STREETS. IT LATER BECAME THE TOWN RESIDENCE OF THE FIRST CATHOLIC BISHOP. THIS 1912 WATERCOLOUR BY FREDERIC V. POOLE IS BASED ON NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGRAVINGS AND SKETCHES OF THE ORIGINAL HOME.

SELF-PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM BERCZY, WATERCOLOUR AND GOUACHE OVER GRAPHITE ON PAPER, 1798–1799. WILLIAM BERCZY WAS BORN JOHANN ALBRECHT ULRICH MOLL IN BAVARIA IN 1744, BUT THROUGH HIS YOUTH



John Graves Simcoe is commonly considered to be the founder of Toronto. But another shares the distinction. He was a German artist and architect who found himself in Upper Canada almost by chance. Under his guidance, the town took shape. But he doesn't get half the credit.

ular escape. Thwarted by Williamson, he had developed a backup plan: with new financial backing from a German group in New York City, he had purchased three townships from an aborted land development scheme in Upper Canada, on the Grand River in the Niagara Peninsula. In June 1794, he led the German settlers past the guards Williamson had posted to prevent such an event, down the Genesee River, and along the Lake Ontario shore to Queenston. Given that they had already driven five hundred head of cattle and oxen from Connecticut to their intended home site, and brought half of these on the Niagara River crossing, it was a staggering feat, ranking with the great American western migrations fifty years later.

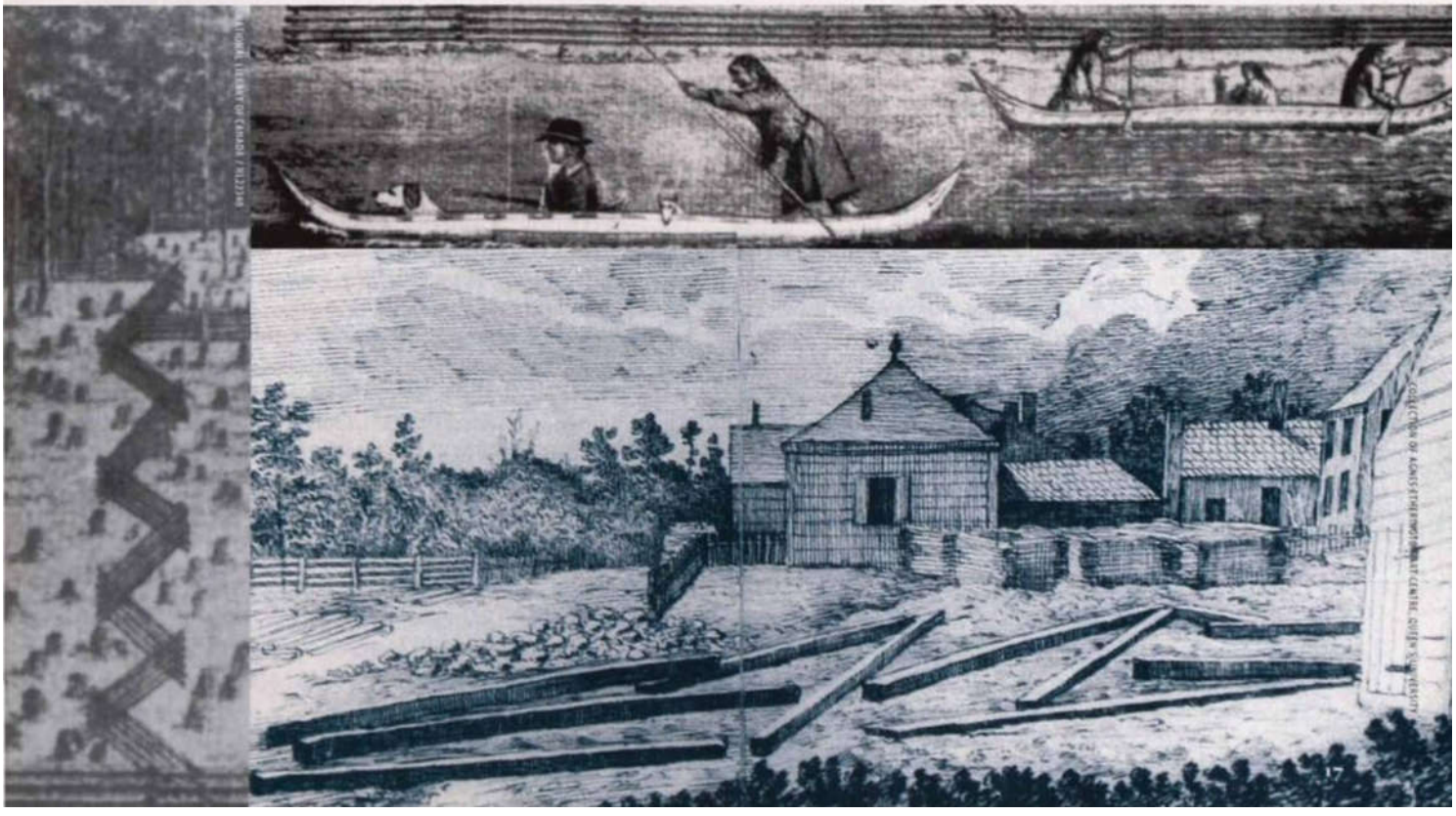
But there was farther to go. Before launching the exodus from the Genesee Valley, Berczy had already travelled to Newark (now Niagara-on-the-Lake), Upper Canada's administrative centre, where he petitioned John Graves Simcoe, lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, for one million acres of free land to be added to his Grand River purchase. Simcoe was presented with a fortuitous opportunity to acquire two hundred settlers. He was already under pressure from British Home Secretary Henry Dundas to produce results. After three years in Canada, he had almost nothing to show in terms of civilian settlement. There were only two houses in the village of York – which was intended to replace Newark as the new temporary capital of Upper Canada – and only twelve in the whole area.

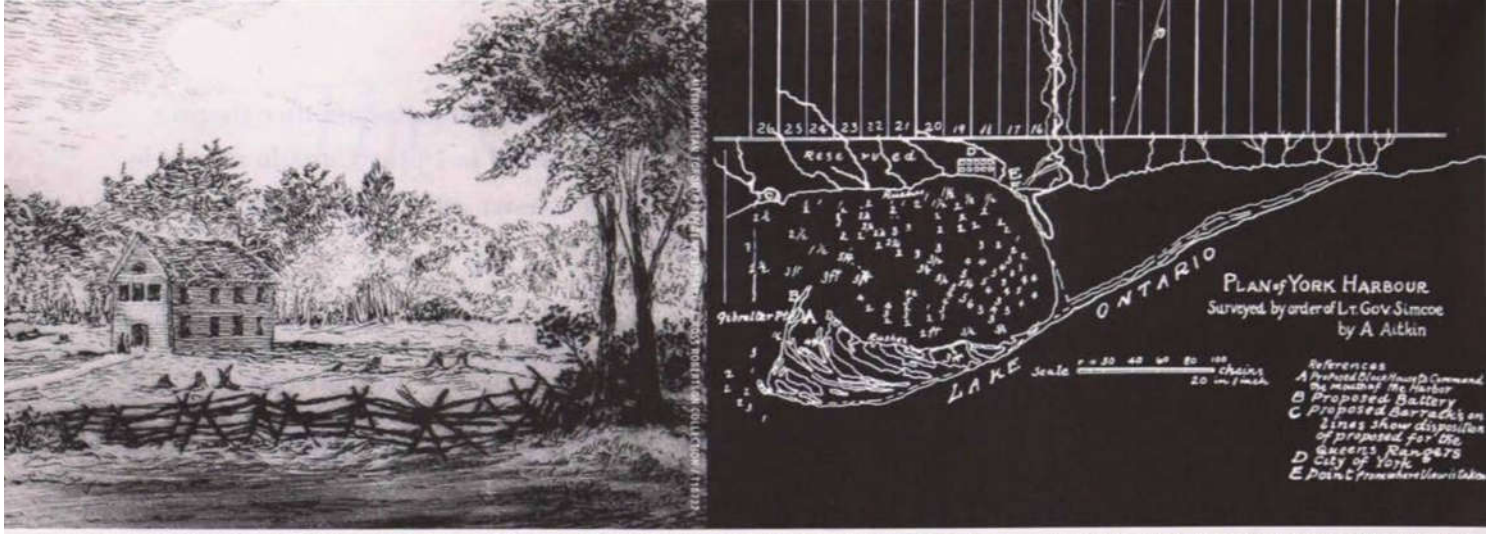
Simcoe persuaded Berczy to accept 64,000 acres of free land in Markham Township instead of in the Niagara Peninsula. Berczy wasted no time in acting on the new arrangement. By June 1794 his settlers reached Queenston, and in August they continued their trek to the mouth of the Don River and upstream to Markham.

But Berczy's trials were not over. They had only begun

HIS NAME EVOLVED, THOUGH REASONS FOR HIS CHOICES ARE UNCLEAR. BERCZY IN HUNGARIAN IS A LYRIC WAY OF SAYING "FROM THE MOUNTAINS," THOUGH IT MAY ALSO BE A HUNGARIAN VARIATION ON HIS NICKNAME, "BERTIE." (BERCZY SPENT MOST OF THE 1770S LIVING IN HUNGARY AND CROATIA.) MULTILINGUAL, WELL-EDUCATED, AND WITH STRONG SOCIAL SKILLS, HE TOOK UP A CAREER AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER, NOTABLY AS A MINIATURIST, IN SWITZERLAND, ITALY, AND ENGLAND, BEFORE MAKING THE SOCIAL CONNECTIONS THAT ULTIMATELY LED HIM TO CANADA. ENERGETIC AND SELF-CONFIDENT, HE WAS ALSO – WHEN IT CAME TO COMMERCE – OFTEN NAIVE AND IMPRACTICAL: HIS SUCCESS AS AN ARTIST WAS NOT MATCHED BY HIS SUCCESS AS A BUSINESSMAN AND LAND SPECULATOR. NEVERTHELESS, HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FOUNDING OF MARKHAM TOWNSHIP, THE BUILDING OF YONGE STREET, AND DESIGNING AND BUILDING SOME OF YORK'S FIRST STRUCTURES HAVE EARNED HIM A PLACE AS A COFOUNDER OF TORONTO.

VIEW OF NEWARK BY WILLIAM BERCZY, INK ON PAPER, 1794. IN 1792 JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE NAMED NIAGARA THE CAPITAL OF UPPER CANADA, AND RENAMED IT NEWARK, AFTER NEWARK UPON TRENT, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. IT WAS TO NEWARK THAT WILLIAM BERCZY JOURNEYED IN 1794 TO PETITION SIMCOE FOR ONE MILLION ACRES TO SETTLE THE COLONISTS HE BROUGHT FROM GERMANY, AND WHERE, IN JUNE OF THAT YEAR, HE MADE THIS SKETCH. THE NAME NEWARK LASTED ONLY A SHORT TIME. IN 1798, FOUR YEARS AFTER YORK (TORONTO) WAS NAMED UPPER CANADA'S CAPITAL, NEWARK REVERTED TO NIAGARA. THE NAME WAS CHANGED TO NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE AROUND 1900 TO AVOID CONFUSION WITH NIAGARA FALLS.




PLAN of YORK HARBOUR
Surveyed by order of Lt. Gov. Simcoe
by A. Aitkin
LAKE ONTARIO
References
A Proposed Blockhouse to Command the mouth of the Harbour
B Proposed Battery
C Proposed Barracks on Lines shew disposition of proposed for the Queen's Rangers
D City of York
E Point Frumahurt Lewis Gibbs

ABOVE LEFT: AMONG WILLIAM BERCZY'S ARCHITECTURAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO TORONTO'S EARLY SETTLEMENT WAS A MODEL FOR ITS FIRST CHURCH. AT FIRST CALLED "THE ENGLISH CHURCH" AFTER IT WAS BUILT ON A CLEARING NORTH OF KING STREET IN 1807, IT WAS DEDICATED TO ST. JAMES IN 1828. THIS EARLY TWENTIETH-CENTURY ETCHING BY OWEN STAPLES IS BASED ON EARLIER WOOD ENGRAVINGS AND SKETCHES.

ABOVE RIGHT: THE FIRST OFFICIAL PLAN OF YORK (TORONTO), 1793.

Having been deceived by Simcoe on Yonge Street, one would have thought Berczy's trust would have evaporated.

anew. He now had to contend with Simcoe, who had already demonstrated a capacity to renege on land-grant petitions. Jean Rousseau, the first European settler of Toronto, greeted Simcoe on his arrival in 1793, and acted as his guide and interpreter. But Simcoe denied him land along the Humber River because he was French. Nor was it a question of rejecting claimants of low birth. Philippe de Rocheblave, a French army officer who provided military help to the British in their battles with the Americans on the western frontier, also petitioned for land along the Humber. His petition was approved by the Executive Council in Quebec City, but was thwarted by Simcoe. A few years later, after Simcoe's departure, his successors handed out similar treatment to Asa Danforth, an American who had successfully built the first road to the east of York.

The pattern is clear enough. Governor Simcoe and his small entourage of army officers and well-born friends enriched themselves with land grants while using their executive powers at a remote distance from Quebec to deny just treatment to others. And so it would be with Berczy. Simcoe is commonly considered to have been the founder of Toronto – and there is no disputing that the first three years of the city's life emerged under his jurisdiction – but Berczy, whose achievements and resourcefulness entitle him to be regarded as a founder of Toronto, has been much neglected. Indeed, it is clear his achievements were purposely disregarded, even discredited, by the Upper Canada establishment who ultimately controlled his fate. The British used him, an alien, and then cast him aside.

John Graves Simcoe, born in England in 1752, the son of a naval officer, was Eton-educated and a commander of the Queen's Rangers in the American Revolution. In 1791 he was appointed the first lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, where he arrived in 1792. His mandate was to establish a military presence, a capital, and a governing structure in the newly created British colony, which had been severed from Lower Canada by the Constitutional Act of 1791. The appointment was awkward for Simcoe. He was made subordinate to Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, governor at Quebec, who under the new constitutional arrangement had been made governor-in-chief of both provinces. During the Revolutionary War, Carleton had charged the Queen's Rangers with "plundering and marauding" on Long Island Sound, and the incident, without foundation, led to a falling-out between the two men. Their strained relationship was compounded by the lack of clarity in their instructions. Did Simcoe answer to Dorchester, or did he have autonomy in Upper Canada?

The record shows that Simcoe resisted Dorchester's orders and sought mainly to gain preferment with the powers-that-be at Westminster. The home government, for its part, was stretched in its ongoing hostilities with France and its anxieties about the westward thrust of the newly independent country in America. On top of these military challenges was the more immediate problem of accommodating some 40,000 Loyalists who were pushing into Upper Canada along the St. Lawrence and at Niagara in the 1780s, but not yet into the hinterland. To that end, to populate the hinterland north of Lake Ontario, Simcoe had issued a proclamation inviting Americans to emigrate to Upper Canada (there being little transatlantic immigration at the time due to ongoing hostilities at sea between the British navy and its French and American enemies). He also set his Queen's Rangers the task of hacking a road northward from York to establish a military shortcut to Georgian Bay and the upper Great Lakes. This would forestall a westward push by the new American republic into Indian territories in Michigan and Ohio, which threatened British forts at Detroit, Niagara, and Michilimackinac. Disposed to establishing a replica of the British class structure in the unbroken forests of

Upper Canada (one of his first acts was replacing French and native place names, such as Toronto, with British ones like York), he named the new road Yonge Street, after Sir George Yonge, the secretary of war.

In quickly concluding negotiations with Berczy, which also included four 200-acre lots in exchange for undertaking road clearance on Yonge Street, Simcoe demonstrated to Dundas that he was actually making progress in attracting settlers and building the military road to Lake Simcoe. At the same time, he was enhancing the value of land that he had already awarded himself and his friends.

During negotiations with Berczy, however, Simcoe had given assurances that Yonge Street was already passable for wagons as far as present-day Thornhill, twenty kilometres from the lakeshore. But this proved false. John Andre, in *Infant Toronto*, describes the road north from today's Eglinton Avenue, which is about three kilometres from the lake, as "faintly recognizable as a swath a few feet wide through an immense forest." Meanwhile, little had been done on the road from the lakefront to Yorkville (now Bloor Street) because Simcoe had chosen to clear the land on Parliament Street, east of Yonge Street, as far as his own property at Castle Frank.

In August, Lord Dorchester ordered Simcoe to withdraw his Rangers from pioneer duties to bolster the British posts at Detroit and Fort Miami against the American threat. Simcoe turned to Berczy for manpower, offering him a contract to complete a stretch of Yonge Street from York to Lake Simcoe within a year. In the winter of 1794–95, the German settlers improved Yonge Street from Eglinton to Thornhill, and pushed the road fourteen kilometres further north to Bond Lake. (Altogether, Berczy's settlers completed over thirty kilometres of road from Eglinton to Bond Lake, an achievement that would not be duplicated on the east-west routes for many years.) But the Markham settlement was suffering from illness and starvation. Far from offering support to the immigrants, Simcoe reneged on his promise to provide the four 200-acre lots on Yonge Street, thereby denying Berczy the opportunity to sell the lots to cover his expenses. To make matters worse, their first crop in 1795 failed, but Simcoe still refused emergency supplies. Berczy's followers were pushed to the limit in building their own community as well as in clearing Yonge Street for the remaining fourteen kilometres to the Holland River in the agreed time. Under the terms of the contract with Berczy's group, as with other *bona fide* settlers, dwellings were to be erected and the roads maintained, subject to forfeiture of the land grants for failure to comply. These conditions were not enforced against Simcoe's friends, most of whom were still clinging to their comfortable homes in Newark, but Berczy was held to the letter of the law.

Having been deceived by Simcoe on Yonge Street, one would have thought Berczy's trust would have evaporated. When he proposed building a canal linking Lake Simcoe via the Holland and Rouge Rivers to Lake Ontario, where wharves and storehouses would be built, Simcoe encouraged him with the offer of land allotments on the Rouge. But Berczy learned soon after that the lands had already been granted to others.

In Simcoe's last year at York, Berczy was unable to meet with him. In May 1796, two months before leaving Upper Canada for the last time, Simcoe issued a proclamation declaring that township proprietors who had failed to meet their settlement obligations would have to forfeit their lands. After having invited Berczy to York to enhance his image as a successful colonizer, and after having used him to open up Yonge Street and to build most of the buildings in York, including the log houses constructed by his carpenters as well as the first homes of architectural merit, Simcoe denied him and his settlers their land titles.

But there was worse to come. Peter Russell, who was appointed interim administrator after Simcoe's departure, and who was notorious for using his powers to acquire land for himself, asserted (without evidence) that a British act of parliament prevented foreigners from acquiring title to land until they had been resident for seven years. Nevertheless, although he chaired the Executive Council meeting that repudiated Berczy's land titles, he engaged Berczy to design a house for him at the corner of King and Princes streets. Berczy, in debt and with no bargaining power, had little choice but to comply. The house became known as Russell Abbey, Toronto's first architecturally designed home.

Having been denied title to the lands promised him, Berczy was now denied compensation. Believing that he had fulfilled the terms of the original agreement, he made an appeal to the British government, visiting London in 1799 to solicit support. The British government agreed to compensate him, but only if the Executive Council in Upper Canada agreed. The council did not agree. Chief Justice William Osgoode, believing Berczy to be a land speculator, called him "a miserable alien." He received no compensation.

Worse, he was in debt, both personally and on behalf of his settlers for whom he had borrowed money and supplies. Feeling honour-bound to discharge his debts, he devoted the rest of his life to paying them off, which included a time in debtors' prison in London. Finally forced to sell whatever assets he had left to settle his debts, Berczy moved to Montreal, where he lived most of the last thirteen years of his life, working as an artist and architect. He left a large body of art work, including portraits of Mohawk leader Joseph Brant and Isaac Brock, and a competition-winning design for Christ Church, Montreal. (He also designed the first church on the site of Toronto's St. James Cathedral.) On the brink of the War of 1812, he journeyed to New York City, still on his quest for financial help for his settlers. But, prevented from travelling to England when war broke, and in poor health, he died in New York. He was buried in an unmarked grave.

Robert M. MacIntosh is a past president of the Canadian Bankers' Association and the author of *Different Drummers: Banking and Politics in Canada*.

et cetera

Berczy by Mary Macaulay Allodi, Peter N. Moogk, and Beate Stock. National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, 1991.

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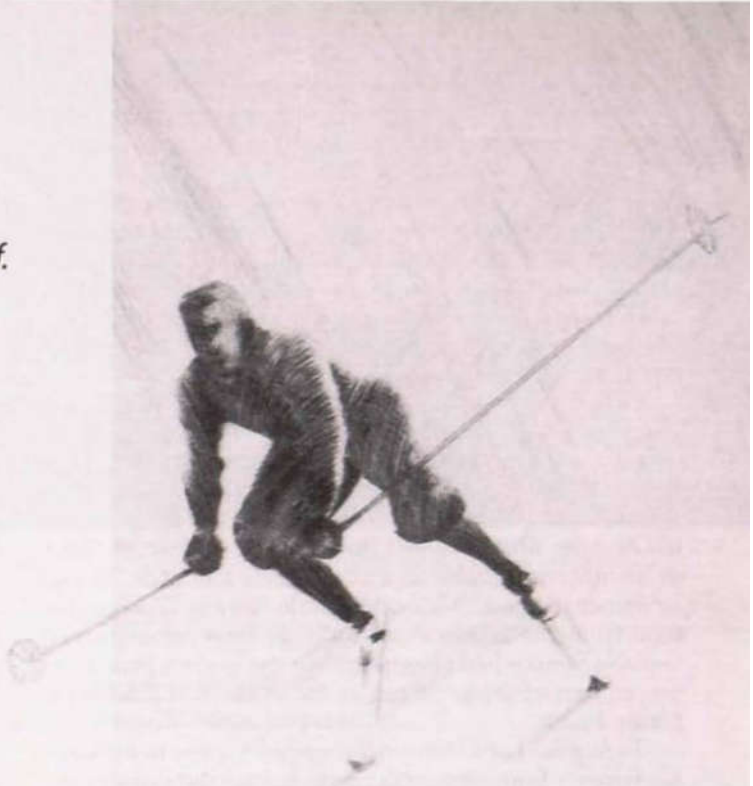
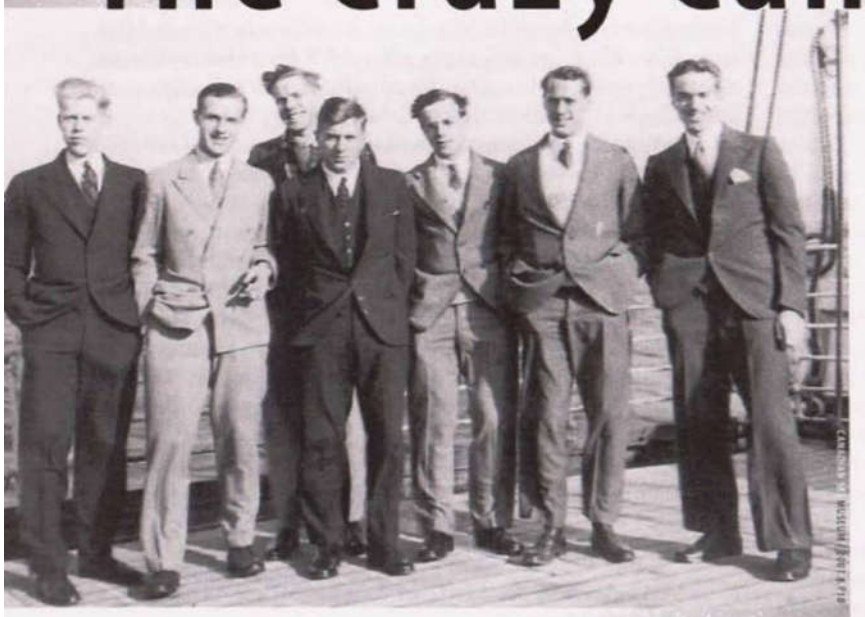
Maybe the triumphant McGill ski team didn't have the right equipment in Switzerland, but they did have the right stuff.



The Crazy Canucks of '33

by Robert Stewart



The McGill team crossing the Atlantic aboard the *Duchess of Atholl*, December 1932 (left to right): Jack Houghton, team manager Stirling Maxwell, Frank Campbell, Walter Dorken, Peter Renold, coach Harry Pangman, and Bill Ball.

Etching (upper right) by Frederick Taylor, assistant manager of the Red Birds ski team during their 1933 Swiss adventure.

When the university ski teams of Oxford and Cambridge began planning for their annual tournament in Switzerland on their Christmas holidays in 1931, a "buy British" campaign was under way to counter the local effects of the Great Depression. They decided not to spend money in Europe, but in their case, buying British presented a problem. Britain had no developed ski hills, and therefore no skiing to sell.

The solution was found in King George V's loyal Dominion of Canada, which boasted several rudimentary ski resorts in Quebec's Laurentian highlands. Skiing was still mainly a European sport, but it was being taken up by a growing number of North American students. Thus, when the Oxford and Cambridge teams arrived in the Laurentians late in December 1931, they were challenged to a friendly tournament on the side by Montreal's McGill University ski team.

It was a cheeky gesture on the McGill stu-

CANADIAN SKI MUSEUM

dents' part, for they lacked both the experience of men who had skied the Alps and modern European equipment, steel-edged skis in particular. But they did have a certain stamina and resourcefulness engendered by the climate, terrain, and ruggedness of the unkempt Laurentian slopes.

The combined Oxford-Cambridge squad won against McGill on total points, but its margin of victory was a long way from the anticipated rout of the callow challengers with their edgeless skis, soft boots, and loose bindings. The McGill boys had even pulled off an upset victory in the highlight of the meet, the cross-country relay. They so impressed the leader of the British expedition, millionaire sportsman Alex Keiller, that he invited them to a return engagement in the Swiss resort of St. Moritz over the 1932–33 holidays. (Presumably because of the expense of travelling to Canada, the Oxford and Cambridge teams had changed their minds about spending on the continent.)

The McGill team was coached by the Red Birds Ski Club, a group of recent McGill graduates from Montreal's high society; skiing then was pretty much confined to the moneyed classes. Four Red Birds – team manager Stirling Maxwell, assistant manager Fred Taylor, and coaches George Jost and Harry Pangman – accompanied a desperately seasick five-man undergraduate team across the Atlantic in December 1932.

If hockey had been their game, Jost and Pangman would have been called playing coaches. They intended to compete in the European university ski meet called the *Akademische*, for which they qualified as recent graduates. The *Akademische* was the closest thing to a world-championship tournament at a time when professional competitive skiing was unknown.

The group arrived in St. Moritz on Christmas Eve 1932, to be warmly feted by their British counterparts. During a forty-eight-hour rest to adjust to the 1,800-metre altitude, they reequipped themselves with steel-edged skis and other state-of-the-art European equipment. When they started training, they were awed by the length and steepness of the slopes, which, in their first few runs, caused some of them severe leg cramps.

The first event they entered, on December 31, 1932, was the eighteen-kilometre race for the British Langlauf (cross-country) Club championship. McGill's Frank Campbell won it handily, causing the same kind of stir as if a Canadian had won the British Open in golf.

Four days later, Campbell further astounded the British by beating them in the slalom, a relatively strange event to Canadians, calling for an entirely different set of abilities. Two days after that, he came first in the cross-country competition between McGill and Oxford-Cambridge. Meanwhile, his teammates had been performing wonderfully. The British team won the total-points competition only after an audit under the complicated scoring system put them ahead of McGill by 16/100ths of a point.

Three undergraduates and coaches Jost and Pangman combined to represent "Kanada" in the crowning event of the *Akademische*, the international relay. They were up against two teams from Italy (the Universities of Milan and Turin), two from Switzerland (Berne and Zurich), one from Austria (Innsbruck), one from Norway (Oslo), one from Great Britain (Oxford-Cambridge), and one drawn from regional Yugoslavian universities.

On January 7, 1933, the race started from the funicular station on Mount Corviglia, 610 metres above St. Moritz. The number one entries from each team went through a roller-coaster-like series of swoops and climbs to deliver their pennants to teammates competing in the second of five relays.

The Canadians were running seventh when their number two man, Bill Ball, took over from starter Jack Houghton. Ball burst forth to pass two opponents, an Englishman and a Swiss. But then he shot off the trail and "lost much valuable time climbing back," as he wrote in his memoir, *I Skied the Thirties*. He recovered strongly to pass the Swiss again, but his time loss seemed to have squelched any chance of Canada finishing in the top three.

Ball was relieved by six-foot-three Frank Campbell, who had been assigned to the third stage because it included a flat stretch on which his long powerful strides could be used to maximum advantage. Campbell soon left runners from England and Norway panting in his wake, moving Canada up to fourth place.

Waiting for him was twenty-nine-year-old Harry Pangman, an ex-snowshoeing champion of legendary resilience, something he came by honestly as a direct descendant of famed fur trader Peter Pangman. Wearing an old sweater next to his bare skin, he did warm-up exercises while his counterparts from Milan, Turin, and Innsbruck grabbed their pennants and took off.

Pangman faced a steady incline of about a kilometre and a half, then a slope of some six hundred metres at an angle like that of a ladder leaning against a house, which ended in the clouds on top of a mountain. Climbing it was like climbing a whole mountain in eastern Canada, and the rarefied atmosphere made it very hard to breathe.

He set out after the Innsbruck racer "like a hound on the trail," as Bill Ball described it. Finally the Austrian could only glance helplessly sideways as the Canadian iron man surged past him. Pangman then concentrated on reducing the gap between him and the Italian front-runners. When Campbell had transferred Canada's pennant to him, the man from Milan was 3 minutes and 34 seconds ahead of him. When he passed it to George Jost after 40 minutes and 35 seconds of continuous climbing, that lead had been reduced to 25 seconds. The second-place skier from Turin was only 15 seconds ahead.

Thrusting the pennant in his pocket, Jost sprang to the pursuit of the Italians. The final stage of the race featured three ledges that were like three shallow ski jumps in a row. The racer from Milan took the first of these head-on, but the one from Turin began swerving to reduce his velocity. As he did so, Jost sped past, using his extraordinary leg strength to hold him in a crouch just barely off the ground.

At the second drop, the leading Italian shot over the brow of the hill and crumpled up in a cloud of snow at the bottom. Jost checked his speed with a sharp twist and delib-

The Ski Tow is Born

Even as the McGill and Red Bird Club skiers were taking Europe by storm in 1933, something was happening back home in the Laurentians that would move their sport into a new era. There, in the village of Shawbridge, an ex-McGill ski jumper named Alex Foster put an old jalopy up on blocks and strung a rope around one of its tire rims to create the world's first commercial ski tow.

The idea of pulling people uphill on an endless loop meant that they would no longer have to climb hills to ski, so that the number of runs they could make in a day would not be limited by time or stamina. Convenient access to hilltops would eventually make skiing attractive to the general public. Never again would it be confined to dedicated athletes and adventurous socialites.

Foster proved to be just a little ahead of his time. His contraption was scorned by the many who still thought of climbing hills as an essential part of skiing. Technical glitches jerked users around violently and pitched them into the snow.

A year later in nearby St. Sauveur, Fred Pabst of Milwaukee's Pabst brewing family opened a more sophisticated, and more profitable, system. In the next four years, six modern tows were installed at Laurentian resorts, and the modern ski crowds were on their way. ◘

Foster's Folly, the world's first rope tow, created by McGill skier Alex Foster.

CANADIAN SKI MUSEUM

COURTESY RED BIRD SKI CLUB

European press accounts dwelt on the height and hardihood of the fresh-faced heroes from the New World.

erately took a fall. The second Italian flew by him, only to crash on the next terrace. Jost jumped up and swept past his struggling opponents to reach the final slope.

Houghton, Ball, and Campbell had joined manager Stirling Maxwell at the funicular station. They had seen nothing of the race since Pangman had grabbed the pennant and vanished behind a mountainside. Dusk was falling as they stood in the biting cold with their eyes fixed on the point where the skiers would begin their final run.

"Suddenly over the horizon shot a little ball of red with a great cloud of snow streaming out behind," Maxwell recalled in his account of the expedition. Since the Austrian team wore red sweaters, the Europeans in the crowd jumped to a natural conclusion. "*Osterreich! Osterreich!*" they cried. But Maxwell knew from the skier's crouch that it was George Jost's red team shirt they were seeing. The McGill crest on it stood out as Jost flashed over the finish line.

"Pandemonium broke loose," Maxwell wrote. "Photographers and spectators swarmed around, sweaters were piled on the half-frozen runner." Jost's teammates jubilantly hoisted him to their shoulders. Suddenly he wriggled from their grasp, groped in his pockets, and dashed over to the judge to give him his pennant. Moments later, the Milanese racer arrived in second place.

Jost had committed an oversight that had almost cost the Canadians their achievement. When the judge had politely asked him in German for his pennant as he'd crossed the finish line, he'd assumed the official was merely congratulating him. An interested spectator had interrupted the Canadians' celebrations to inform Jost that competitors were not timed in officially until they had turned in their pennants. But for him, Italy would have won the race on a technicality.

As it was, the Canadians' sensational triumph drew "tumul-

CANADIAN SKI MUSEUM / 2001.8.P2

tuous acclaim," as Bill Ball put it. European press accounts dwelt on the height and hardihood of the fresh-faced heroes from the New World. They were "treated like princes" during their remaining time in what George Jost called "this hospitable skiers' paradise." While the others headed home, however, Jost had a reason to stay behind.

It lay in the running of the [Lord] Roberts of Kandahar Trophy race, scheduled for January 13, six days later. Jost had become the first-ever winner of the Quebec Kandahar Trophy the previous March. If he could win the Roberts, he would be the first skier to win two prestigious Kandahar events in a row, and the first North American to win an individual ski championship in Europe. Known for his sharp competitive instincts as well as his skiing ones, Jost could not pass up this chance to make history.

For his improbable quest he enlisted assistant team manager

Clockwise, from upper left:

The McGill and Oxford-Cambridge teams ready to start, St. Moritz, Switzerland, January 1933.

The Redbirds and others in St. Moritz (left to right): Ross Wilson, British team member Roger Bushell (later one of the leaders of "The Great Escape" from German prison camp in World War II), George Jost, unknown, Alec Keiller, Harry Pangman, Mrs. Keiller, Fred Taylor, unknown British skier, and Stirling Maxwell.

The top of Mount Corviglia, 610 metres above St. Moritz, where the 1933 relay race took place. Harry Pangman, the fourth man in the Canadian relay, faced a steady climb of a kilometre and a half up the hill in the left side of the photo.

There was a roar from the crowd that [Jost] took to be cheering. As he drew to a stop he realized he was mistaken. Instead it was a chorus of outraged shouts in various languages.

Fred Taylor, a talented artist and brother of budding Canadian tycoon E.P. Taylor, as his Sancho Panza. The two set out for Murren in central Switzerland, home of the upper crust, ever-so-British Kandahar Ski Club. The Roberts of Kandahar race was, in effect, for the downhill championship of Great Britain. To compete in it, a skier had to be a British subject. As a Canadian of that era, Jost qualified.

He had not had time for a practice run on the Kandahar course before he found himself racing on it against some of the best skiers in the British Empire. He covered the initial stage cautiously, arriving eighth in a field of fifteen at the first turning point. The pack then made a wide sweep around a section of snow fence. Jost intrepidly leapt the fence and thereby popped up in second place.

The Englishman ahead of him got caught up in some bushes before they came to the next drop. That left Jost in the lead, which was exactly where he did not want to be. As a total stranger to the course, he would rather have had a skier or two ahead of him to show him the way until he was ready to stage his finishing rally. Not knowing what was coming next, he pointed himself straight downhill. Once started, he realized he was on the steepest hill he had ever skied.

As he gained speed he went into his distinctive crouch, which entailed sitting on the back of his boots while his chin was tucked behind his kneecaps. His arms were almost touching the skis in front of his boots. To avert a crash, he settled back on the seat of his pants and dragged his hands beside him. He steadied himself in this fashion while taking a curve that led to another sharp drop.

Only when he was on the final dash to the finish line did he lift his rump from the snow surface. He crossed the finish line half a minute ahead of the Englishman in second place.

There was a roar from the crowd that he took to be cheering. As he drew to a stop he realized he was mistaken. Instead it was a chorus of outraged shouts in various languages. Central European ski champion Ernst Feuz broke loose from the throng and screamed at him unintelligibly. Feuz was all set to attack him with his fists until Fred Taylor blocked him with his 225-pound bulk.

The president of the Kandahar Club, Arnold (later Sir Arnold) Lunn, rushed forward to announce that the award ceremony would be postponed until the race committee reviewed the standings. When the bewildered Jost asked what was wrong, he was told that he had gained first place illegally by "tobogganing" on his rump.

Ernst Feuz declared at the race committee meeting that it would be a black mark on the sport if an important race were allowed to be won in such an unsportsmanlike manner. Another European expert observed that no sane skier would have tried to take such steep slopes head-on, so that Jost must have intended to slide down on the seat of his pants from the very start.

Representing Jost, Taylor explained that it was normal to use such braking tactics on the rough trails in Canada. Meanwhile, Arnold Lunn was thumbing through the *Federation International de Ski* rule book looking for the rule against tobogganing, which he was unable to find. He was correct in assuming that the practice had once been banned, but it had been overlooked in the latest revision of the rules.

"Gentlemen, the rule against tobogganing on ski [*sic*] has been dropped," he announced. "The question of whether Mr. Jost did or did not toboggan on his ski is therefore irrelevant; even if he did, we could not disqualify him. Nothing remains but to congratulate him on winning the cup."

In an attempt to put the controversy to rest, Jost was later made an honorary member of the Kandahar Ski Club. Still, the club's directors campaigned for immediate reinstatement of the antitobogganing rule.

Lost in the furor was the fact that Jost's bold jumping of the snow fence was what really had won the race for him. "It seemed to me if George could beat Britain's best by half a minute, even if he stood on his head on the skis, it was quite a performance," wrote Bill Ball.

Among the fervid press reaction to Jost's and his team's victories back in Canada was an article in *Saturday Night* magazine that remarked that it was as if Switzerland had beaten Canada in ice hockey. "These daring and skilful youths have lifted high our national prowess and honour in a sport which is not native to Canadians, but one in which they have only begun to excel," the Toronto-based magazine crowed.

Alas, Canada was not to maintain that high position in the months and years to follow. Almost half a century would pass before Europeans would again be wowed by the invasion of a new breed of "Crazy Canucks." ◘

Robert Stewart is a Montreal writer. He is the author of *The Trail Breakers*, a history of the Red Birds Ski Club.

Prime Minister Robert Borden (right) leaving Whitehall after attending a meeting of the Imperial Defence Committee. Borden believed that through Canadians' sacrifices in World War I, Canada had earned its new status as a self-governing dominion in the British Empire. During the Siberian offensive, he broke with London's designs to mount a more concerted attack against Bolshevik forces and withdrew troops from Siberia.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 3283

If, as it is said, Canada was born in the trenches of World War I, then she took her first steps as an independent power in—of all places—Siberia.

Robert Borden's Siberian Adventure

by Michael Westaway McCue

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / CN 5143

Unloading Stores by Louis Keene. London-born artist Louis Keene served as a lieutenant with the Twentieth Machine Gun Company in Siberia and painted in Vladivostok in 1919.

It was a strange new world to A.D. Braithwaite, yet it had familiarity. As the former assistant general manager of the Bank of Montreal neared the "Lord of the East"—Vladivostok—from the deck of the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Japan*, he was struck with its resemblance to the hills of San Francisco. Yet he deemed the Russian harbour one of greater beauty. Once ashore, Braithwaite withdrew his adulation. He was repulsed by the filth of the busy city, claiming "again and always dirt and filth" covered residents and their possessions alike. He made his way through Vladivostok's streets, concerned that his clean clothes would make him a target for attack by "Mr. Bolshevik." Yet in this most remote location, Braithwaite was not the only Canadian face. Far from it. He was actually one of the last of over four thousand Canadians soldiers and officials to find themselves sent to the Russian seaport. Indeed, the Pacific port of Vladivostok was the last place one expected Canadian troops in 1919, especially since World War I had concluded months before.

In war, decisions on the deployment of troops, identification of targets, and spending of national treasury are sometimes driven by motives other than defence or conquest. Such was the case in the waning days of World War I. One of Canada's most unusual and obscure military decisions of that war, namely the deployment of troops to Siberia, was explained as a tactic to shore up the Allies' Eastern Front. But it was more. In historian Gaddis Smith's words, the episode may have been "the best illustration of the growth of Canada's policies in external affairs during the war." Canada went to Siberia for Canada's reasons, no one else's.

The Imperial War Cabinet in 1917. Robert Borden is seated third from the right. British Prime Minister Herbert Asquith didn't support the notion of Canada and the other Dominions involving themselves in Imperial consultation on war policy. But David Lloyd George (first row, fourth from right), who became prime minister in December 1916, held a different view. Soon after taking power, he created the Imperial War Cabinet, which included Dominion prime ministers or their representatives along with members of the British War Cabinet.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 66865

Borden was not prepared to send troops to fight against communism in Russia. Rather, [he] claimed that joining the Siberian intervention was to support the strategic goal of reestablishing the Eastern Front.

At the start of World War I, Canada's nearly eight million people comprised not a sovereign state but a dominion. As such, the country was beholden to the United Kingdom in areas of foreign policy. She did, however, have control of her defence forces and the commitment of those forces. Regardless, Ottawa unreservedly committed hundreds of thousands of men and millions in materiel to the fight against Germany and her Central Powers allies: Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and the Ottoman Empire (Turkey).

As Canada's expenditures increased, so did her expectation of a decision-making role equal to that of her contribution.

Chief spokesman for this recognition was Prime Minister Sir Robert Laird Borden. From the onset of the war, Canada and her fellow dominions felt slighted by both the minimal participation Britain permitted them in Imperial war planning and the dearth of information supplied to them about war aims. Speaking in London's House of Commons in 1912, Borden directly urged a greater role in policy making in light of Canada's significant contribution to Imperial defence, wishing Canada would "have some voice in ... policy." Borden strove to increase Canada's clout, and troops were his bargaining tool. Like Wilfrid Laurier before him, Borden believed that as Canada's resources grew, so had the Old Country's reliance on them.

In December 1916 David Lloyd George replaced Herbert Asquith as British prime minister. Lloyd George shared Borden's vision of a greater role for the dominions, creating both the Imperial War Cabinet, which included dominion prime ministers, and the Committee of Prime Ministers. Borden used the forum to achieve a resolution that guaranteed the dominion's consultation in "all matters of imperial concern." Borden's Resolution IX, delivered at the Imperial War Conference in April 1917, declared that the post-war period should see constitutional changes that fully recognized the dominions as autonomous nations within the Commonwealth, with continued voices in foreign policy and relations. However, these realized and anticipated improvements were a two-edged sword – such concessions meant Ottawa had to participate more liberally in London's military adventures. London soon asked just that.

Key to Allied war plans had been the existence of two fronts against the Central Powers. However, on March 3, 1918, the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk between then-Allied nation Russia and the Central Powers effectively ended the war in the east. On November 7, 1917, the Bolsheviks had seized power in Russia and within weeks had ordered the end of hostilities on Russia's European front. In December, over six German divisions were transferred west, and by the end of March most of the one million German troops that had been fighting Czarist Russia along the Eastern Front joined the battle lines in France. As American troops had not yet fully deployed to Europe, the situation appeared ominous.

The Allies sought a way to mitigate this turn of events. While the Bolsheviks held power in Petrograd and Moscow, their grip was tenuous at best. Vast numbers of their enemies, collectively called "White" troops, still controlled vast sections of Russia and waged civil war against the Bolsheviks. These White armies had also signalled their willingness to resume fighting the Germans. Strategists believed that Allied troops could be inserted in certain places in Russia where local support could be marshalled, trained, and

supplied with arms, and then joined with Allied forces to campaign against the Germans.

The British drew up plans to intervene in two sectors near the Eastern Front, Murmansk and Archangel in the north and Baku in the south. With a token number of Canadians, an Allied expedition arrived in southern Russia in March 1918, essentially to check the advance of Turkish troops on the Caspian region's oil fields. Each man volunteered, a requirement designed to avoid political fallout. The troops, known as the "Dunsterforce" after their commander Major-General Lionel C. Dunsterville, were withdrawn quickly after the November 11 armistice, having accomplished little.

Though British and American troops would largely comprise the forces, London nonetheless prevailed upon Ottawa to make a more significant contribution to the proposed action in northern Russia. Somewhat stereotypically, Canadians were deemed particularly suited for these Arctic operations due to their "northern upbringing." More realistically, the need for Canadian participation was due to overcommitted British troops.

Canada had her own reasons, beyond the obvious, to want a quick end to the war. The country was running out of volunteers, and conscription had struck a bad chord, chiefly in the French community. When the draft was enacted in March 1918, rioting broke out in Quebec City, killing four. Ottawa alienated the rural English as well when the exemption for farmers' sons was later lifted. In this atmosphere, a commitment of large numbers of infantry to new and exotic theatres of war was a delicate issue.

Nonetheless, the War Cabinet, which included Borden, approved intervention into Russia on June 2, 1918. Shortly afterward, the British War Office made an official request to the Ministry of Overseas Military Forces of Canada to participate. Because he saw Ottawa's inclusion in the process as a *de facto* recognition of Canadian influence in Imperial policy, Borden agreed. Despite Minister of Militia and Defence Sydney Mewburn's concerns, early in 1918 Ottawa provided a small number of trainers, a decision seen as a noncontroversial tactical move.

Large-scale Canadian participation in northern Russian operations began in October 1918. This significant contingency of regular troops and artillerymen chiefly saw minor attacks and counterattacks. However, on the same day the armistice was signed in Versailles, Canadian soldiers joined with Scottish and U.S. troops to break a major Bolshevik attack after fierce hand-to-hand combat. At home an outcry was raised over the involvement of Canadian boys in mortal combat on the very day the war ended. By the spring of 1919, amid diminishing morale, the Canadian contingent in the north was ordered withdrawn. The last group departed in August.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

Members of the Sixteenth Canadian Infantry Brigade in Vladivostok. The brigade, under the command of Brigadier-General James Harold Elmsley, was formed specifically for the Siberian operation. All of its units were Canadian, but for one British regiment. Of the Canadians who served in Siberia, nineteen did not return. Three died in accidents, sixteen from disease.

While politicians could find some justification for sending troops to Russia to support the Eastern Front, they had greater trouble justifying the much larger Canadian contingent to Siberia that followed. The British first mentioned Siberia as a site for intervention in July 1918. Overtly, London's reasons were many: to aid anti-German Czech prisoners of war fighting to join the lines in France; to close the resources of the Far East to the Central Powers; and to deny the Central Powers the stockpiles of Allied supplies in Vladivostok. However, in hindsight it is generally accepted that British aims in eastern Russia were more to combat Bolshevism than anything else.

This is not to say anti-Bolshevik forces in Canada, which included Toronto's *Evening Telegram* and the Catholic Church in Quebec, were insignificant. Borden himself was an anti-Communist who feared its spread to Canada, especially in light of the well-publicized communist theory of world revolution. However, Borden was not prepared to send troops to fight against communism in Russia. Rather, he claimed that joining the Siberian intervention was to support the strategic goal of reestablishing the Eastern Front. Privately, Borden feared another country's domination of Siberia – Germany, Japan, or even the U.S. – more than the threat of communism.

After the United States announced its participation in the Russian intervention, the War Office approached Borden. Britain sorely wanted a strong Imperial presence in any Allied expedition to the Russian Far East. However, the British military itself was spread too thin. Knowing this, Borden reckoned that Canadian participation would buy further political leverage with London, namely increased clout in the forthcoming Paris Peace Conference, and bring the Russian civil war to a peaceful end. Of immediate significance, for the first time a Canadian would command an Imperial force.

In Borden's words, "It will be of some distinction to have all the British forces in Siberia under the command of a Canadian officer." The British would strengthen four thousand Canadian troops with one battalion of its own from Hong Kong – a total of five thousand in all – under Canadian command. Toronto native Major-General James Harold Elmsley, a veteran of both the Boer War and the Western Front – and freshly promoted – was named as the Canadian commander. Technically Elmsley and his men fell under the overall command of the Japanese general Kitsuzu Otani, but the Canadian commander retained the right to refuse any order that he felt imperilled his men. Canadian troops would be administered through no intermediate channels, but by Ottawa itself.

Borden had more than military prestige on his mind. He believed that "interposition with a small military force would tend to bring Canada into favourable notice by the strongest elements in [Siberia]," and it stood to reason that this favourable notice would translate into economic concessions. Given the economic vacuum that would occur after Germany's defeat, future trade benefits were seen for Canada if a friendly government were to take over in Siberia. Borden believed that the presence of Canadian troops in Russia would place Canada in a good position with an eventual new Russian government.

Prior to WWI, interest in Siberia had grown in industrial circles, and trade journals of the time speculated on economic opportunities. Eastern Russia was believed to be a market for such things as shipbuilding, farm equipment, and consumer goods; a fertile ground for the development of forestry and mining interests; and a place to secure fishing rights for Canadian fleets. Canada already had two trade-mission offices in Russia, one in Petrograd, headed by Conradin F. Just, a former trade commissioner to Hamburg, the other in Omsk, run by twenty-three-year-old Leolyn Dana Wilgress. At the time, agricultural machinery accounted for the bulk of Canadian exports to Russia, and Omsk, in the middle of Siberia, was the second biggest distribution centre.

The prime minister also reasoned an economic angle would help sell the idea of participation to the public. Securing long-term public support for sending four thousand soldiers to Siberia was a major political concern, especially given that a third of the men were conscripts, that they were to be deployed so far from the European front, and that the U.S. was publicly ambiguous over its own commitment. An expected postwar economic downturn, Borden argued, might be avoided in Canada through opening new markets in Siberia to Canadian products. In support of this goal, the PM proposed the inclusion of a trade mission with military forces to Siberia. Thus, Canadian ego and anticipated economic windfall combined to overwhelm contrary arguments.

An expected postwar economic downturn, Borden argued, might be avoided in Canada through opening new markets in Siberia to Canadian products.

On August 12, 1918, Ottawa passed an order-in-council calling for the mobilization of the Siberian force. The official objective was to reestablish the Eastern Front by training Russians and assisting the Czechs to travel to Vladivostok and eventually back to Europe to fight the Germans. Both Borden and Newton Wesley Rowell, a Liberal who was president of the Privy Council in the wartime Union government, agreed to commitment. Rowell went as far as to state that "as a Pacific power" it was necessary for Canada to participate. However, such a commitment came at a political price. Back in Ottawa, acting Prime Minister Thomas White cabled Borden in London that the public and Parliament would not long support Canadian troops in Russia. Parliament was not in session when the troops were deployed to Siberia. By early 1919 complaints began.

Military leaders delayed deployment from Vancouver against Borden's wishes, although Borden continued to promise that Canadian troops destined for Siberia were not sent to fight but to stabilize the government and train White troops. General Elmsley, aware of mounting opposition, suggested a public information campaign emphasizing that the committed troops were not veterans of Europe; that Canada would benefit economically and militarily; and that thousands of innocent Russian civilians needed protection.

By October 1918 the men were off to Vladivostok, comprising an infantry brigade, a cavalry squadron of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, a battery of field artillery, and support troops. On October 27, the troops arrived on the R.M.S. *Empress of Japan*, only to find they were not the first Canadians on official duty to reach the city. They were met there by L. Dana Wilgress, a member of the Canadian Economic Commission, which had been approved on October 21, 1918, to represent the fields of agriculture, mining, forestry, and fishing. Other members included Chairman John Staughton Dennis, Commission Secretary Louis Kon, railroad executive A. Ross Owen, Conradin Just, and A.D. Braithwaite.

A trooper of 'B' Squadron of the Royal North-West Mounted Police near Vladivostok.

World War One ended less than two weeks after troops began arriving, and the main rationale behind their deployment vanished. Regardless, Borden pressed for Canada to remain to fulfill its original goals of helping to stabilize conditions and train White troops. In Borden's opinion, Canada's "present position" and "prestige"—a clear reference to the outstanding reputation that the Canadian Corps achieved in France and Belgium—would be "singularly impaired" by a deliberate withdrawal from the Siberian oper-

ation. The prime minister believed that economic opportunity still remained and that the presence of Canadian troops would give him further clout at the Paris Peace Conference.

Pursuing this grander scheme, Borden recommended to the Imperial War Cabinet on December 30, 1918, that Allied troops be removed from Russia and that both sides in the civil war, Red and White, be invited to negotiations overseen by the Allies. The United States was chosen to extend the invitations to meet in Paris, Borden's suggested site. The location was soon changed to the island of Prinkipo, twenty-one kilometres south of Constantinople, in the Sea of Marmara, to allow the Bolsheviks to arrive without passing through Allied countries. Being selected the chief British delegate to the proposed meeting was personally satisfying for Borden, but it was not met with unanimous acclaim in Parliament. William C. Kennedy, MP for North Essex, derided Borden as the "Earl of Prinkipo" for offering to confer with the Communists.

Meanwhile in Vladivostok, the RNWMP acquired some degree of local fame when they rode into town during a blinding snowstorm from their barracks, which were a good distance out of town. "Otherwise," Wilgress said, "we saw or heard very little of the Canadian troops. They were kept out of mischief by being drilled intensively ... which helped maintain the good reputation they had." Canadian troops were only used to clear out some bandits north of town. This earned the respect of the Russians, who were starting to resent the Allied troops, particularly the Americans, whose off-duty behaviour offended them. To further good feelings between the troops and the locals, in early May 1919 the Canadians organized a gymkhana on a racecourse outside the city.

However, this did very little to advance Borden's economic goals. He soon realized Canada would gain no economic reward from Siberia, because the Allies could not stem the chaotic conditions that Braithwaite concluded were caused by a lack of transportation and an unstable ruble. In Wilgress's words, "the situation in Vladivostok was becoming very confused." Wilgress bemoaned the mistrust between Japan and the U.S., who jointly controlled the Trans-Siberian Railroad, as dooming any attempt to get vital trains running. A branch of the Royal Bank of

William C. Kennedy, MP for North Essex, derided Borden as the "Earl of Prinkipo" for offering to confer with the Communists.

Spectators at a gymkhana or sports day organized by the Canadian Expeditionary Force at Vladivostok, May 1, 1919. The main attraction was a musical ride and a march-past by the Royal North-West Mounted Police. Canadian troops in Siberia were involved in one small operation against Bolsheviks in a village about fifty kilometres north of Vladivostok, but otherwise saw no action. Keeping the men occupied became one of Brigadier-General James Elmsley's main concerns.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 91788

Canada, which opened in Vladivostok in March, closed its doors the following October. Cutting their losses, Ottawa decided to entrust a private British firm, the Siberian Supply Company, with distributing Canadian goods, making the commission redundant. With that, any real hopes of a Siberian windfall were dashed.

In Prinkipo, the peace talks went nowhere. The Communists had accepted the Allies' offer to confer, but the Whites had refused to negotiate with the Bolsheviks. Anti-Bolsheviks saw Soviet inclusion in the peace talks as *de facto* recognition of the Communists by the West, and believed the Soviets only agreed to negotiate to stall for time to build up their own forces. The disappointment at Prinkipo, combined with the dismal financial prospects in Siberia, convinced Borden to demobilize additional troops in British Columbia destined for Siberia. Despite pleas from no less than Winston Churchill, Borden told Lloyd George that Canadian troops would soon return home. On April 21, 1919, they began their departure, the last leaving by June 5, 1919.

Though his plans for economic gain failed, Borden's Russian adventures did mark significant watersheds in Canada's growth as a nation. The British sought to advance against the Communists, but Borden and Elmsley refused to join Canadian troops with White forces. Britain wanted to campaign along the Trans-Siberian Railroad to the Urals in support of the White forces in Siberia, while the U.S. wanted to stay put in Vladivostok. Borden deferred to Elmsley, who agreed with the U.S., much to the chagrin of the senior British officer in Siberia, General Knox. Borden clearly saw the long-term advantage lay in siding with the U.S., Canada's neighbour, than with the United Kingdom.

But Canada was not replacing obedience to London with submission to Washington. Some Canadian businessmen of the time saw WWI not only as a war between nations, but also between financial interests, one of the battlegrounds of which was to be Russia. It was a battle Borden didn't hesitate to join. By participating in the intervention, Canada challenged Britain, the United States, and Japan in the race for economic influence in Siberia.

Thus the decision to include and then withdraw troops from Siberia had both symbolic as well as practical importance. Canada had vastly expanded her influence in Imperial decision making. In Borden's words, she was now "a greater part in a great whole." Roy MacLaren goes so far as to claim in his book *Canadians in Russia, 1918–1919* that Borden, and not the British, was the real force in driving Imperial policy in Siberia. Conversely, through this episode, Canada began a drift away from London's view of the world to side more with the United States—a concrete step in her development of an independent North American identity.

Michael Westaway McCue is a graduate student of political science at Bridgewater State College in Massachusetts. His story, "The Thank-You Tree," appeared in the December 2000/January 2001 edition of the *Beaver*.

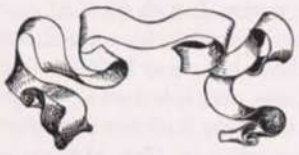
et cetera

Canadians in Russia, 1918–1919 by Roy MacLaren. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1976.

Allied Intervention in Russia, 1918–1919, and the Part Played by Canada by John Swettenham. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1967.

The Canadian Military Heritage Project's history of the Siberian Expeditionary Force can be found at <http://www.rootsweb.com/~canmil/siberia/siberia1.htm>.

How the Queen's Law Came to Cowichan



BY GRAHAM BRAZIER

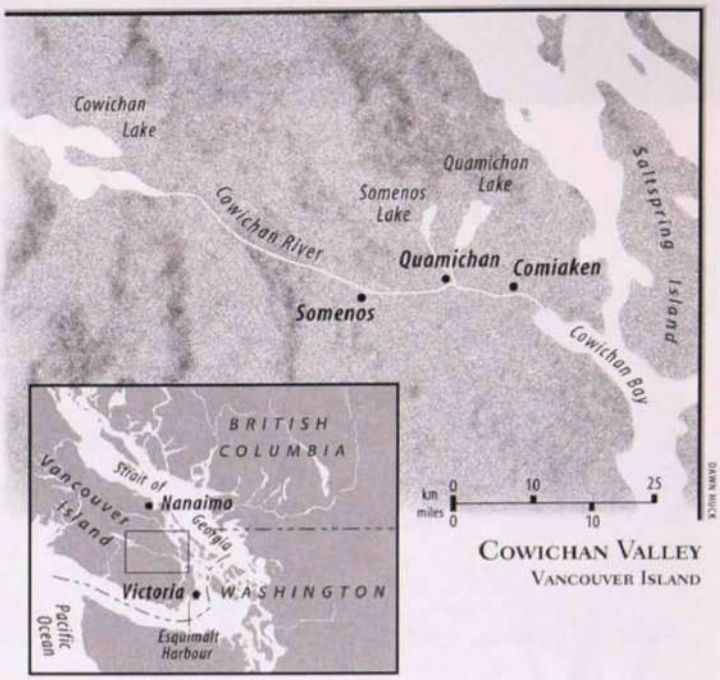
When 1856 began on Vancouver Island, the daily lives of the Cowichan people, who had spent ten thousand years on their ancestral lands, were little affected by the customs of their closest neighbours. To the south, in Victoria, Europeans had established farms, schools, churches, and jails. They had celebrated twelve Christmases, played cricket, and attended picnics in Beacon Hill Park. To the north, in Nanaimo, Europeans had begun to dig coal out of the ground and build small houses for Scottish miners and their families. Agents of a faraway queen had acquired the right to settle these lands by entering into agreements with local natives whose ancestors had lived, hunted, and fished on them for countless years. Between 1850 and 1854, James Douglas, governor of the Colony of Vancouver Island, acting on behalf of Queen Victoria, exchanged blankets for land with local chiefs to the north and south of the peoples of Cowichan. No agreements had been concluded with the original inhabitants of the Cowichan Valley, and no Europeans lived there when 1856 began.

It had become clear to the Cowichans that the land-sale agreements involving their aboriginal neighbours and the distant queen had some unexpected consequences. The Queen's agents simply assumed that, along with their lands, natives relinquished certain cultural practices. The Queen's law, for example, though not part of the land-sale agreement, was presumed to replace native law and to prevail, henceforth, over all who lived on Vancouver Island, natives and whites alike. In the Queen's courthouses, judgment would be passed on native conduct, and her jails would confine natives who offended her laws. Not surprisingly, the Cowichans, though they may have been interested in selling some land to the new arrivals, were not prepared to sell or relinquish cultural traditions. They had, after all, only recently confirmed the supremacy of traditional Cowichan custom over the laws of the far-off queen in an incident that took place in 1853.

In January of that year, Governor Douglas, with 130 "bluejackets" from HMS *Thetis* and a small group of Victoria's militia, arrived at the mouth of the Cowichan River demanding the surrender of a man believed to have taken part in the murder of a shepherd on a farm near Victoria. Both sides were dressed for battle, and though the troops from the south were well armed, they were outnumbered and on foreign soil. Negotiations were tense and protracted, but eventually concluded when Cowichan chiefs surrendered a slave in exchange for some tobacco. Her Majesty's troops then moved on to Nanaimo in search of a second native suspect. The episode concluded on January 17 when two men, the slave from

James Douglas, governor of the Colony of Vancouver Island, itched to bring the independent Cowichan people under British authority. In 1856, when an interracial love triangle exploded into violence, he finally had his chance.

As late as the summer of 1856, Cowichan remained a renegade territory, outside the domain of unfettered British authority.



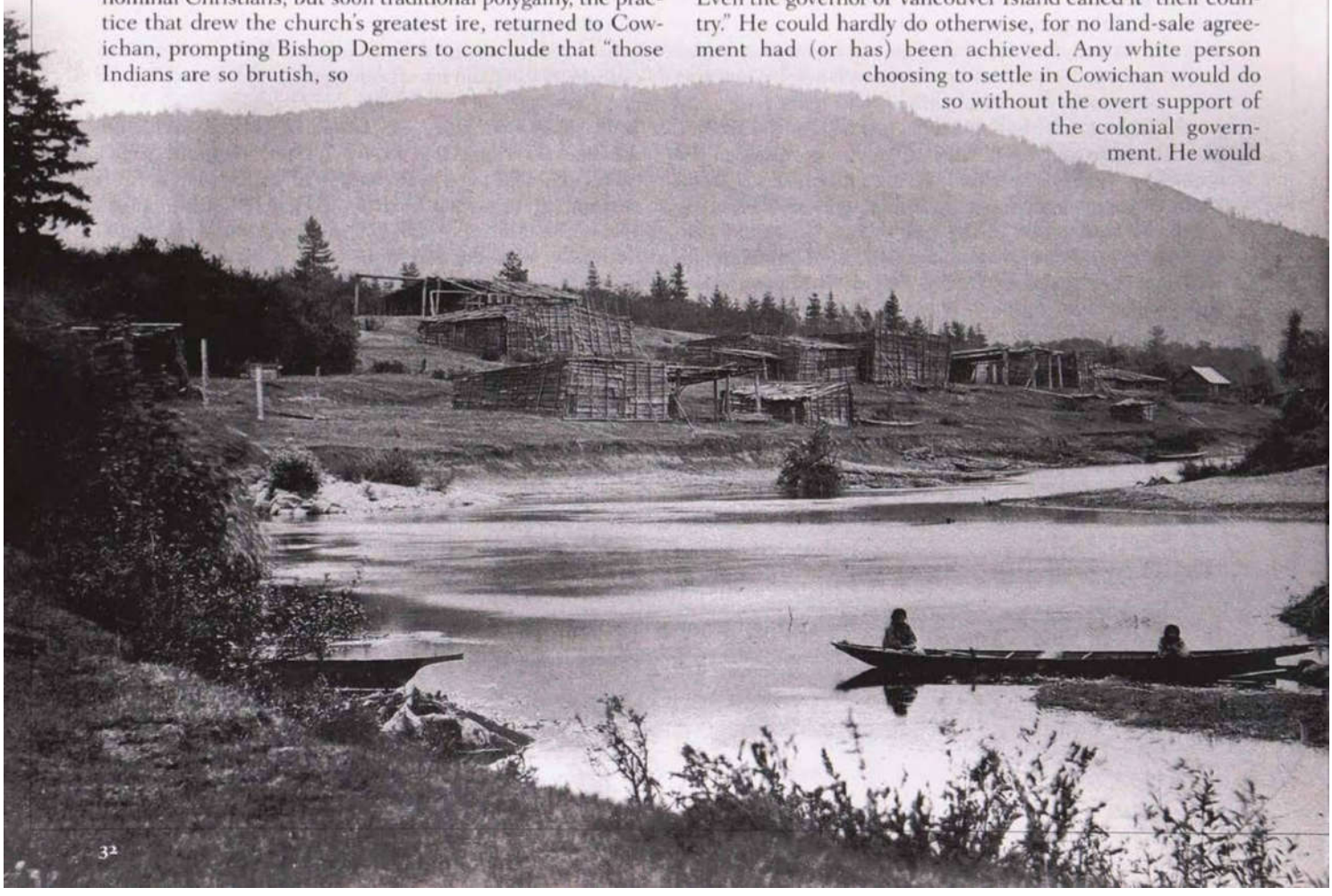
COWICHAN VALLEY
VANCOUVER ISLAND

Cowichan and a native of Nanaimo, were hanged – the first to be executed under British civil authority in what is now British Columbia.

Following the force's departure from their territory on January 9, Cowichans had little further interest in the outcome. As they saw it, long-standing Cowichan customs had directed the settlement, not the wishes of Her Majesty's troops. Their traditions had been served. A man of social standing similar to the murdered shepherd had been turned over to pay for the transgression of one with higher standing, and, as well, they had received gifts. For the Cowichan, the Queen's law had been thwarted and because the executions took place outside of their territory, their sovereignty remained intact.

Throughout the early 1850s, the Cowichans remained outside of British military and legal authority. Most also resisted general European religious and moral influences. A priest's attempt to bring Christianity to Cowichan met with some success until he became entangled in scandal and was forced to return to Victoria under protection. Following his expulsion, some natives remained nominal Christians, but soon traditional polygamy, the practice that drew the church's greatest ire, returned to Cowichan, prompting Bishop Demers to conclude that "those Indians are so brutish, so coarse and so sensual that we must first make men out of them before we think of converting them into Christians."

While European customs spread throughout adjoining territories, the seven villages that were home to some three to four thousand Cowichans effectively rebuffed them. Even the governor of Vancouver Island called it "their country." He could hardly do otherwise, for no land-sale agreement had (or has) been achieved. Any white person choosing to settle in Cowichan would do so without the overt support of the colonial government. He would



be a squatter and without legal rights. As the decade wore on and pressure to expand land under cultivation mounted, Douglas grew more irritated. But he was either unable or unwilling to reach agreement with the chiefs of Cowichan for a transfer of title to any lands. As late as the summer of 1856, Cowichan remained a renegade territory, outside the domain of unfettered British authority. In August 1856, however, this status was about to be challenged – once again.

Earlier in the year, a small party of white men ventured into Cowichan, ostensibly on a fur trapping expedition. Likely they were also intent on avoiding the scrutiny of Hudson's Bay Company officials. At least one of them, Thomas Williams, was still under contract to the powerful trading organization and may have been "absent without leave." Cowichan seemed an ideal sanctuary. It was geographically near Victoria, the chief trading centre, but well beyond the reach of British authority. Shortly after their arrival, one of the men, an unidentified Scotsman, and a young native woman became intimately involved. They courted, and following a gift of two blankets to her father, an influential chief, settled in the Cowichan valley. This marriage was the first occasion that native authority granted approval for a nonnative to reside in Cowichan. While no one knows how extensively the communities were consulted about accepting their first white settler, it is safe to say the decision was not unanimously supported. For an unknown number of natives, not only was the Scotsman's presence a reminder of the white priest and the scandal a few years earlier, it also represented the thin edge of an ominous wedge.

Despite the lack of warm welcome, two other members of the fur trading party also made plans to stay in Cowichan. John Humphreys and Thomas Williams, both Englishmen, squatted in traditional Cowichan territory before seeking long-term acceptance subject to courtship and marriage with approved women. In this, Humphreys made a better choice than Williams. He married the daughter of a chief of the large Quamichan village. Williams, however, directed his ardour toward a young woman of the Comiaken village who, regrettably for them (for she was apparently also drawn to him), had been pledged as a child to Tathlasut, "an active, well proportioned, muscular young man" who had just assumed the position of chief of the Somenos village. Williams's attentions seriously breached a Cowichan law, one with potentially grave results. According to custom, the seducer of an aristocratic girl could be killed, either by the husband or the intended husband. On the other hand, if the offender was of the aristocratic class, the ultimate penalty was seldom invoked. Perhaps as a consequence of his HBC affiliation and presumed access to trade goods, Williams may have been granted aristocratic status. In any case, he was not killed.

Precisely what happened on August 20, 1856, is not recorded, but Thomas Williams's right arm and chest were seriously wounded. According to reports, Tathlasut, the young Somenos chief, fired the injurious shot. Under the circumstances, it's likely that the event was neither unexpected nor denied: after all, Williams had breached native law. Nevertheless, his fate was not left to chance. As the bullet had shattered a bone in his arm and left a large hole in his chest, his survival was in doubt until a local medicine man packed the wounds with cedar bark, halted the bleeding, and then arranged to have Williams taken immediately by canoe to Victoria where the HBC doctor could attend to him.

The consequences of this act of compassion and consideration for a white squatter and alleged seducer of a young Comiaken woman could hardly have been more surprising to the people of Cowichan. Ten days later, on the evening of August 30, the largest armed force in the colony's seven-year history appeared in Cowichan Bay. HMS *Trincomalee*, a 1,066-ton sailing frigate with twenty-four guns, the HBC steam vessel *Otter*, over four hundred uniformed and armed troops from two ships of the Queen's navy, the whole of the local militia, as well as the governor himself arrived in Cowichan territory. The armada was there, in Douglas's words, "to answer the ends of justice, and to teach those savages to respect the lives and property of Her Majesty's subjects." They had come for Tathlasut, who, ostensibly, had offended the Queen's law.

Eight days earlier Thomas Williams had been taken to Victoria in the care of a number of Cowichans, and he clung to life attended by Dr. George Johnstone and Reverend Edward Cridge. How long his life was in doubt is not known, but Douglas, who "feared" the injuries would be fatal, developed a bold response. He first planned to demand the surrender of Tathlasut. Should that fail, he was prepared to march troops into Cowichan. Douglas waited three days for an answer before he formally asked Admiral Bruce for assistance. Conveniently, the admiral was in nearby Esquimalt with two ships and a full complement of marines. He agreed to help the governor bring the "assassin" to justice. Although Williams was still alive, Douglas's use of the word *assassin* suggests that he continued to believe that Williams's death was imminent. In anticipation of this event, Douglas rallied to the support of Williams, who, it will be remembered, was apparently avoiding his contractual obligations to the Hudson's Bay Company

QUAMICHAN VILLAGE, ABOUT SIXTY KILOMETRES NORTH OF VICTORIA. THROUGHOUT THE EARLY 1850S, THERE WERE AN ESTIMATED 3,000 TO 4,000 COWICHANS DIVIDED AMONG SEVEN VILLAGES NEAR THE EASTERN VANCOUVER ISLAND COAST.

B.C. ARCHIVES / C-09827

by squatting in Cowichan – not behaviour that would usually attract the approval of the governor of the colony and chief factor of the HBC. His determination to overlook the circumstances and view Thomas Williams as a martyr, even before his death, seems to have been more of a smoke screen to obscure his desire to overcome the Cowichans' resolve to resist the Queen's law. He concluded, with dubious logic, that because the injury to Williams undermined the security of the whole colony, launching a huge expedition to capture Tathlasut was necessary.

Stubbornly, however, Thomas Williams continued to reject martyrdom. Douglas nevertheless remained firmly committed to march a force into Cowichan. Williams's tenacity seemed only to fuel Douglas's campaign to portray Tathlasut as a "murderer" and "assassin." So successful was he that the participants in the expedition widely accepted that they were, indeed, searching for a murderer. Even many years later, some writers continued to believe that Williams died as a result of his wounds.

The British force dropped anchor in Cowichan Bay on the evening of August 30 and passed the night onboard ship. On shore, a small number of natives, likely surprised and offended by the presence of the ships in their territory, kept watch. Likely, too, they were bewildered by what seemed on the surface to be an absurd and exaggerated reaction to the Williams incident. Douglas, however, knew from intelligence reports that only four hundred of an estimated fourteen hundred warriors were on hand. Most were across Georgia Strait fishing on the Fraser River. With his troops outnumbering available warriors, Douglas believed that on this occasion the British forces held the upper hand. Nevertheless the natives rejected the governor's first demand that Tathlasut surrender.

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Onboard the *Otter*, Commander Connolly issued ammunition and provisions to the troops and ordered them to exercise caution and discipline. By the early afternoon of August 31, the whole force, including the governor, landed on Cowichan soil. Reluctant to reveal their numbers, the Cowichan forces remained concealed and watched the formidably armed troops settle in their territory. Once a campsite was selected, the field-piece crew set up the two brass twelve-pound cannons on a hill, while other troops cleared brush and pitched thirty-four tents, including two commissariat tents, along the riverbank. Two hours after landing, kettles boiled and sentries paced, keeping "a bright lookout for lurking Indians." Reveille the next morning was at 4:30 in drizzling rain. By 8:30 troops had completed breakfast and were ready for parade and inspection. The remainder of the morning was spent conveying provisions from the ships to shore.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Palmer, keeper of the log, reported that the governor sent a "friendly message to the chiefs of the village in which the murderer resided." While waiting a response to the governor's message, the troops smoked pipes, and "told stories and sang songs till ... many ... fancied [themselves] in the Crimea carousing after battle." Native confidence in their ability to withstand the assembled force must have been severely shaken by the brash display because Douglas received an answer that, in his words, "it was arranged that the murderer should be delivered to us." It appeared that the Cowichan had yielded.

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LEFT TO RIGHT:

ADMIRAL BRUCE WAS CONVENIENTLY IN ESQUIMALT HARBOUR WITH TWO BRITISH NAVAL SHIPS AND A FULL COMPLEMENT OF SAILORS WHEN THE GOVERNOR OF VANCOUVER ISLAND, JAMES DOUGLAS, SOUGHT REINFORCEMENTS TO HELP CAPTURE THE COWICHAN CHIEF WHO HAD ATTACKED AN ENGLISHMAN.

CHIEF LO-HAAR OF THE COMIAKEN VILLAGE, ACCORDING TO HIS DAUGHTER, COLLABORATED IN THE CAPTURE OF TATHLASUT, AND THUS ENDED THE STAND-OFF BETWEEN THE BRITISH TROOPS AND THE COWICHANS. IT ALSO SIGNALLED THE END OF THE COWICHANS AS A SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

JAMES DOUGLAS, GOVERNOR OF VANCOUVER ISLAND FROM 1851 TO 1863, MADE IT HIS MISSION TO ESTABLISH BRITISH RULE ON THE PACIFIC COAST. THOUGH HIS POLICY TOWARD NATIVE PEOPLE IS GENERALLY REGARDED AS ONE OF BENEVOLENT PATERNALISM, HE DIDN'T HESITATE TO SEEK PUNISHMENT FOR WHAT HE REGARDED AS VIOLATIONS. AS IT HAPPENED, THE COWICHAN FRICTION GAVE HIM THE OPENING TO BRING A PREVIOUSLY SOVEREIGN PEOPLE UNDER IMPERIAL AUTHORITY.

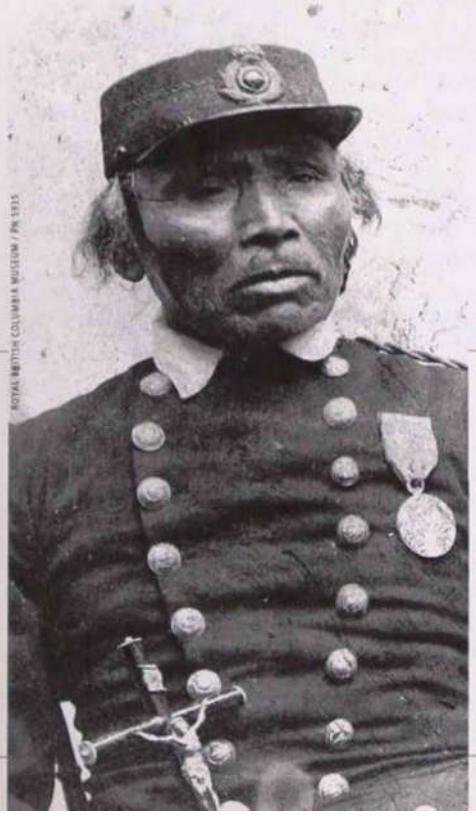
It seems, however, that this arrangement didn't have widespread support among native leaders. The next morning two chiefs went to tell Douglas they had altered their position. They would not give up Tathlasut, but the governor was permitted to go and take him. Despite this, Douglas was apparently still convinced that he would meet resistance, and decided to move the whole force, including two unwieldy dismantled cannons, from the mouth of the river toward Quamichan and Somenos. Although these villages were only a few miles upstream, the undertaking was enormous. The artillery pieces had to be taken up the obstacle-strewn river in what turned out to be almost constant heavy rain. The whole force broke camp at 9:00 A.M., crossed the river in canoes, and, with the militia and a party of thirty marines clearing the way, both on land and in the river, began a deeper penetration into Cowichan territory. Douglas described it as a march "through a frightful jungle." In the pouring rain, Cowichan warriors – their faces "all covered with different colours, and their long hair anointed with white down of birds" and armed with guns and knives – kept the troops under constant surveillance as they struggled up the river with bulky provisions and the dismantled artillery.

But they let pass their best opportunity to challenge the vulnerable force. British troops subsequently arrived at a small plain and began to set up camp just before noon. It was 5:30 or 6:00 P.M. before the crews arrived with the field pieces, which were then reassembled. Still dubious about the permission granted by the chiefs, Douglas had his tent set up inside a large rectangle protected by the twenty-eight tents of the troops. After a wet, miserable day, the troops were given an extra allowance of rum. Finally, with fires blazing, dinner cooked, and sentries posted at fifty paces around the perimeter of the tents, the troops fancied themselves nearer than ever to the Crimea, but "with the help of plenty of hot grog and tobaccoo ... slept tolerably well."

The details of Tathlasut's capture are obscure. Records are inconsistent and eyewitness accounts vary. There is no doubt that the apprehension took place well inside Cowichan territory, and that it required both a display – and a further threat – of force by British troops as well as the assistance of some natives. The most vivid account was provided by the daughter of Chief Lo-Haar of the Comiaken village. Stackl-Whut reported that her father, who was anxious to please the white men, played a major part in the capture of the man who they believed had killed a white settler. After being told by the captain of one of the ships that the marines would blow up the houses of the village if the suspect was not surrendered, Lo-Haar, according to his daughter,

> *went to the place where the murderer was hiding and called to him. "Come out!" he called. "Don't be afraid. This is your Chief and your friend Lo-Haar." The man came from his hiding place holding his musket behind his back with one hand. "I am your friend!" said Lo-Haar and held out his hand. The [Somenos] man took the hand held out to him, and quickly, Lo-Haar pulled him closer and reaching behind him, caught hold of the musket and took it from him. "Here he is!" He shouted to the white men who were hiding beside him; and they tied the man's arms and later on they put a black cloth over his head and a rope around his neck and they hanged him.*

By this account, Chief Lo-Haar's collaboration in Tathlasut's capture was essential and is consistent with Douglas's statement that the natives themselves had "been prevailed upon to seize and deliver him into our hands." Though not overtly forced, the capture was undoubtedly achieved by a blend of coercion, deceit, and bribery. Not only was



Lo-Haar threatened that harm would come to his people if he didn't cooperate but he was also led to believe that Tathlasut had killed Williams. Furthermore, according to accounting records for the expedition, payment was made to "Native Constabulary for seizing the murderer" and the assistance of an unnamed chief was similarly obtained.

Details of Tathlasut's trial and execution are also controversial. One of Douglas's aides glibly reported that

> *the scene whilst it lasted was extremely picturesque. The chief was caught a little before noon, when the forces were piped to dinner. At 1 P.M. his trial began. He was convicted at 2 P.M. and sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place at 3 P.M.*

Official reports, however, indicate the trial and execution took place over the course of a whole day. Tathlasut (though not named) was charged with violating the Queen's law—specifically, 1 Victoria, Chapter 85, Section 2, which declared that "maiming with intent to murder was punishable by death." (This must certainly have surprised the participants in the expedition as it was the first official acknowledgment that Williams was still alive.) The prisoner was found guilty, by a jury composed of six officers and six petty officers of the expedition, and he "was forthwith ordered by His Excellency to be hanged." (It's not known if it was disclosed at trial that "maiming" *without* the "intent to murder" was punishable by not more than three years imprisonment, nor is it clear how "intent" was proved.) The sentence was then "carried into effect near the spot where the crime was committed in the presence of his Tribe" and, according to the carefully maintained accounting records, nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and four pence were paid to his executioners.

Not surprisingly, many Cowichans were upset with the outcome, and, according to another of the governor's aides, they indicated that "they yielded only to force." They were not alone. According to another participant, "the more numerous amongst the white forces" thought that, because Williams did not die, the sentence passed by Governor Douglas was unduly harsh. As a result, a young midshipman who served in the expedition went so far as to write "a long letter to a Scottish paper condemning the whole proceedings." But the governor wasn't finished yet. After the September 3 execution, the forces remained at Cowichan for a further two days and "engaged in a little practicing with their field pieces to frighten the Indians."

Douglas's conduct leaves the suspicion that he was more concerned with creating a deep and lasting impression on the people of Cowichan than with justly applying the Queen's law. Admiral Bruce's characterization of the whole affair as an "Expeditionary Force against the Cowegin Tribe of Indians" is a more apt description. When 1856 ended, Cowichan sovereignty had been breached and the Queen's law, in name at least, had been applied for the first time to a Cowichan native on Cowichan soil. Dissent was widespread and sufficiently evident at the time to prompt the rather sardonic observation by Lieutenant Palmer that the Cowichans "rather regretted allowing us to penetrate so far into their country."

During the next few years the tumult surrounding the gold rush on the mainland overshadowed the Cowichan Valley incident. After his firsthand look at the territory, James Douglas noted with enthusiasm "the beauty and fertility of the [area] which contains probably not less than 200,000 acres of arable land." The next year, when Colonial Surveyor J.D. Pemberton and his crew were dispatched to the valley to make it ready for European settlement, the Cowichan territory was well on its way to becoming the first on Vancouver Island to be resettled without an agreement with its aboriginal inhabitants. A number of years later, Joseph Mackay, one of Douglas's aides, summarized the outcome succinctly: "After this expedition the unoccupied lands in the [Cowichan] Country were generally taken up by white settlers and there is now [1,900] in that section a happy and prosperous white community."

Epilogue

Whatever happened to Thomas Williams? Besides being James Douglas's excuse to invade Cowichan, he quite likely was the first recipient of medical benefits in British Columbia. Dr. Johnstone was paid thirteen pounds, fifteen shillings, and six pence by the Hudson's Bay Company for providing Williams with medical attention in 1856. Following recovery from gunshot wounds, Williams appears to have remained in Victoria for a few years where he lived in a boarding house. He also had a couple of encounters with the justice system (one as the victim of an assault by "Billy the Bug" and the other for assaulting a police officer) before returning to Cowichan in 1862, where he lived alone on 175 acres and raised cattle and pigs. ◘

Graham Brazier is a resident of Denman Island, B.C., and is currently working on editing the Fort Victoria post journals: 1846–50, with Richard Somerset Mackie.

et cetera

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The Grifter

First he robbed one of the great robber barons of New York's Gilded Age. Then he was abducted in Fort Garry. Lord Gordon lived large. But there was a price to pay.

Elegant, terribly proud, and obviously a wealthy aristocrat, why shouldn't Lord Gordon Gordon be welcome in the homes of leading families in Fort Garry in 1872? Wasn't he a friend of dukes, owner of vast British estates, personal diplomat for Queen Victoria?

Well, no.

But a year earlier he had conned one of the sharpest, most suspicious minds in America – Jay Gould, the Wizard of Wall Street.

Lord Gordon seems to have been really Hubert Smith. A Scotsman near Fort Garry had known him in India and they talked about their service in a Highland regiment.

Hubert Smith, a.k.a Lord Gordon Gordon, in Scottish regalia reportedly purchased on credit in shops in Edinburgh and London. Born in Kent, he impersonated a Scottish peer, Lord Glencairn, and attempted to purchase a shooting estate. He vanished from England early in 1870 and reappeared in Minnesota in 1871 as Lord Gordon, claiming to be looking for land for his family's tenants. By 1872, he was in New York scheming to defraud railway baron Jay Gould.

Gordon's quiet life in Fort Garry lasted only until the summer of 1873.

Then, an American who had met Lord Gordon in Minneapolis two years before recognized him. Knowing Gould had posted a reward of $25,000 for the bogus lord, he told Mayor George A. Brackett of Minneapolis. And Brackett told A.F. Roberts, who had lost money through Gordon in New York.

Hurrying to Minneapolis, Roberts obtained a U.S. warrant for the arrest of Lord Gordon, and two Minneapolis policemen, Michael Hoy and Owen Keegan, sped north with it.

On July 2, with help from Americans they had met in Fort Garry, Hoy and Keegan entered the house where Gordon was staying. Ignoring his lordly protests, they bound him and stealthily headed south.

But the Manitoba attorney general, learning a kidnapping was under way, refused to recognize the American warrant and telegraphed customs at Pembina to stop the group. Everyone returned to Fort Garry, and it was the Americans who heard prison doors slam. One of them sent a message to Mayor Brackett: "I'm in a hell of a fix. Come at once." Brackett did so.

Manitoba's lieutenant governor, Alexander Morris, wired the prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald. The U.S. consul in Winnipeg wired acting Secretary of State Hamilton Fish in Washington. Preliminary hearings on kidnapping charges opened. Bail was refused. After two weeks of hearings, tensions escalated and both sides went to the newspapers.

The judge publicly called the American warrant "dangerous to our national independence."

by Bryan Eddington

The *St. Paul Pioneer* trumpeted: "Our people should make ready." The newspaper called for removing all obstacles in the way of Fenians who wanted to invade Manitoba.* Plans should be "swift, silent and terrible." The *Minneapolis Tribune* called the refusal to grant bail offensively hostile. The Chicago *Tribune* denounced it as a flagrant violation of judicial decency.

The governor of Minnesota visited the British ambassador. Brackett talked with President Ulysses S. Grant. He also told Fish: "We have stood more than American citizens ought to stand." Fish demanded the prisoners be freed. The British government urged their release. Macdonald wired Fort Garry that the governor general wanted the prisoners out on bail.

But in Manitoba, the lieutenant governor and judge dug in against America, England, and Ottawa. They refused to release any prisoners.

*In October 1871, Fenians – Irish Americans hoping to ransom Canadian territory gained in battle with London to secure Irish independence from Britain – crossed the border from the U.S. and seized the Hudson's Bay Company post at Pembina, Manitoba. They were followed by American troops and arrested.

It was early in 1871 that Lord Gordon had appeared in Minneapolis. He told Colonel John S. Loomis, land commissioner for the Northern Pacific Railway, that he could bring settlers. Loomis immediately invited him on a luxurious trip to survey the land the railway owned. One newspaper marvelled at the forty horses, twelve men to pitch tents, French cook, and waiters wearing white silk gloves. Of course, everyone called Gordon "My Lord."

Loomis was convinced the Scottish aristocrat would invest $5 million and, during the three-month trek, they selected some 50,000 acres. Of course, one town was to be called Loomis.

When Lord Gordon headed for New York to arrange for a hundred Highland immigrants, he carried a letter of introduction from Loomis to New York's wealthy elite. They, in turn, introduced him to stock manipulator Jay Gould.

Gould was fighting railway magnate Cornelius Vanderbilt for control of the profitable Erie Railroad, and losing. Lord Gordon convinced Gould that he owned 60,000 Erie shares and controlled many more. He said he would back Gould in return for consideration, but added that he needed more than the financier's word. Gould handed over, in surety, railroad stock, bonds, and cash worth a reported one million dollars. Then Gordon invented a mistake in his arithmetic and Gould paid him another $40,000.

When Gould asked for a receipt, Lord Gordon was outraged. Was the word of a British gentleman not enough? Gould left empty-handed.

Only when Gould heard Lord Gordon had sold some of the Erie Railroad stock did Gould realize he'd been conned. He took Lord Gordon to court, but Gordon's friends, including A.F. Roberts, raised $37,000 bail.

Gould's lawyer checked the aristocrat's family and found it fictitious, but when the trial resumed, Gordon was fleeing in lordly fashion across Canada to Fort Garry where, a year later, his kidnappers ended in jail.

It wasn't until September 16, 1873 – after the Minnesotans had been detained for two months – that the political pressure brought about a plea bargain. Hoy, Keegan, and the other Americans pleaded guilty and were sentenced to twenty-four hours in the jail they had occupied since July 2. They were then released. International hostility faded. Fenians scrapped their invasion plans.

But Gould still craved revenge, and Roberts wanted his bail money back. A Canadian warrant was issued for Gordon's arrest and extradition. When it was served in Fort Garry, Lord Gordon quietly packed his bags. He was about to leave when he asked police if he might return to his room to get a warmer coat. There he shot himself.

Some may think this a miserable end for someone whose main crime was fleecing a man whose own misdealings had made him despised across North America. But the alternative was hard labour in an American prison, and Lord Gordon Gordon probably embraced a more noble end.

Bryan Eddington is a Thunder Bay writer. His last article, "Slow Train to Nowhere: The Pee-Dee's Half Century," appeared in the October/November edition of the *Beaver*.

COMING IN FEBRUARY | MARCH

The Beaver

Science in the Bush
The Geological Survey of Canada finds its genesis in William Edmond Logan's search for coal. **by Brian C. Shipley**

Blueberry Warriors
In the Age of Exploration, making fun of the Europeans was part of life for the First Nations.
by Joyce Wright

The Guelph Raid
A national scandal erupts when police rout alleged WWI draft dodgers in a Catholic seminary. **by Mark Reynolds**

by Ann Meekitjuk Hanson

Tragedy at Crooks Inlet

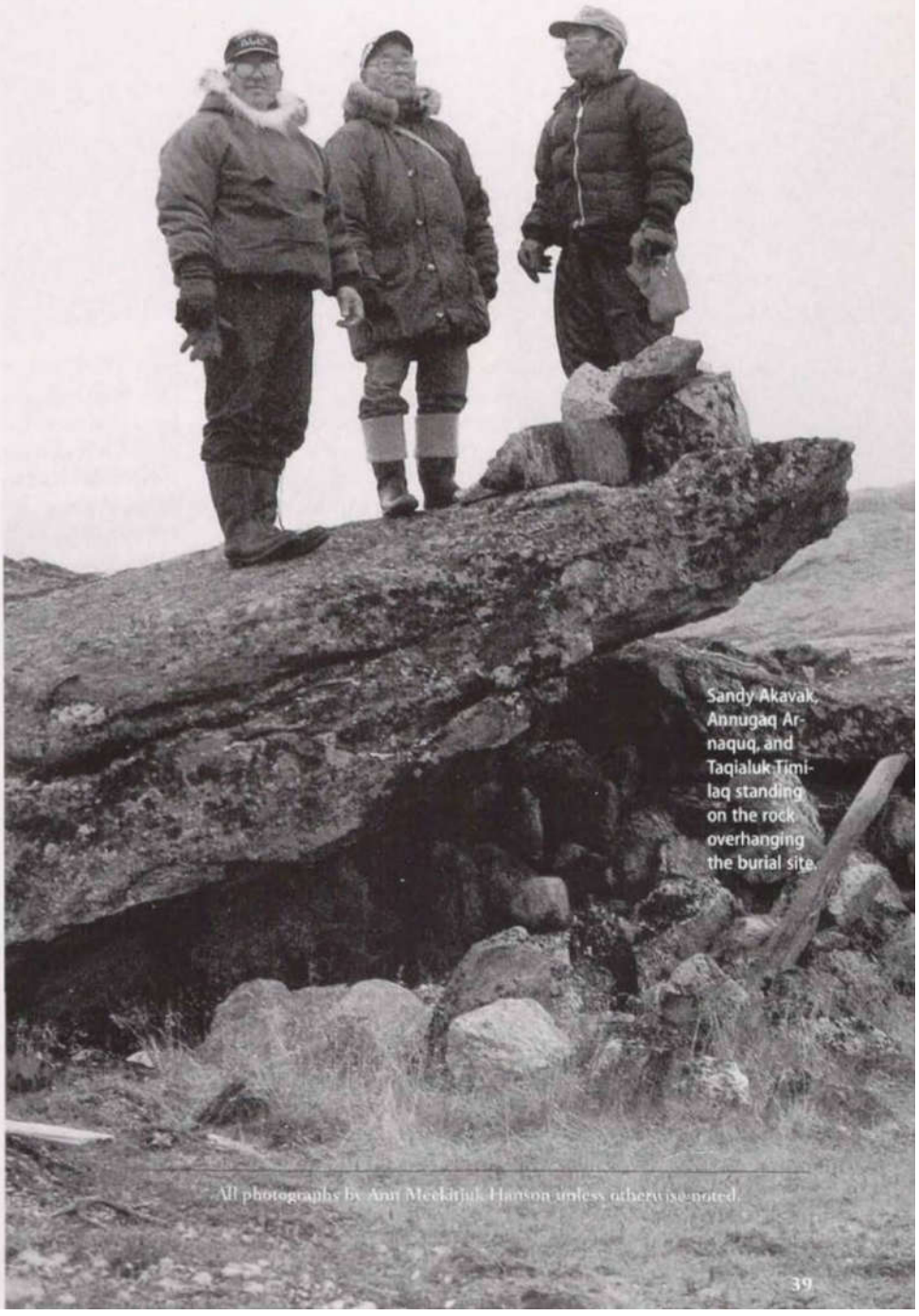
Three witnesses recall the mysterious illness that felled an Inuit village, save for one family.

My Uncle Annugaq was sixteen years old when most of his village died. This happened in 1937 at Kangitujuaq, 146 kilometres west of Kimmirut (Lake Harbour). This area is also known as Crooks Inlet.

My uncle told me this story in bits and pieces over the years. To make the story whole, I asked him if he wanted to go back and see the burial sight. When he indicated he was ready, we flew to Kimmirut in the summer of July 1998 in a Twin Otter, a half-hour ride from Iqaluit. We spent a day planning our trip with Sandy and Ineak Akavak, who had agreed to take us. Since my uncle did not remember having any kind of Christian burial for all those who died, we wanted to take a minister to say prayers with us. Taqialuk Timilaq, an Anglican lay reader, readily agreed, and packed his Bibles.

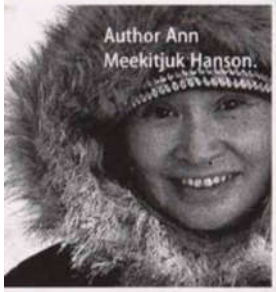
The boat trip to Crooks Inlet took just over one day. My uncle recognized many places he had not seen for over sixty years, citing who had lived here and there, remembering the leaders of that time. He shared his memories with Sandy and Taqialuk as we listened in the background. We did not hear everything as the gentle roar of the motor muffled their voices.

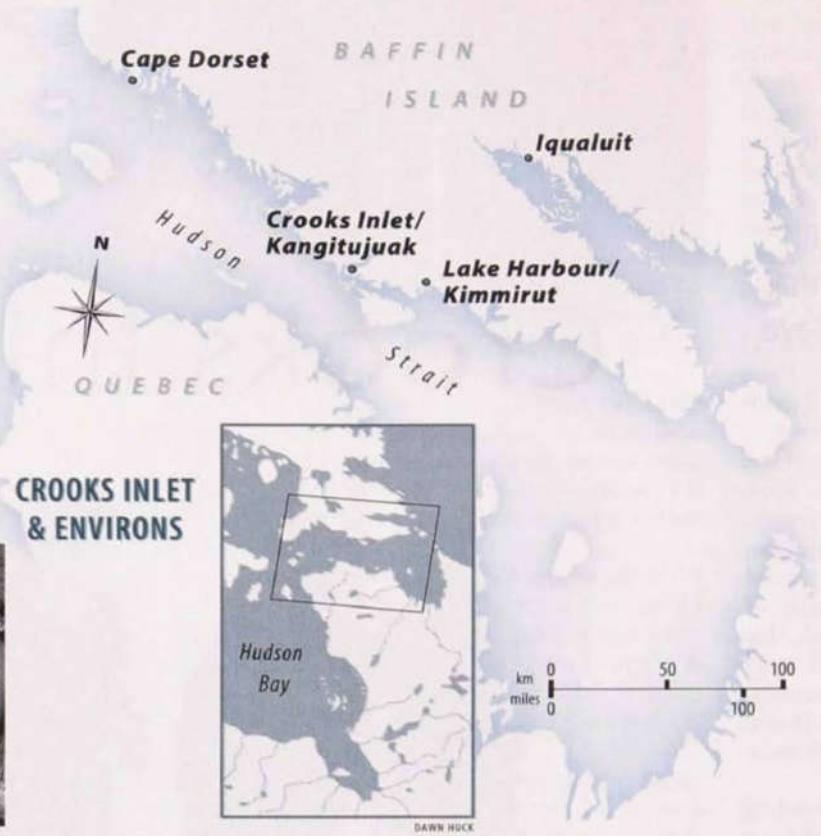
When we reached our destination, my uncle led us to a huge, isolated boulder that was protruding towards the sea. There, in its hollow part, were human bones scattered all over the place: skulls, legs, ribs, arms, and



Sandy Akavak, Annugaq Arnaquq, and Taqialuk Timilaq standing on the rock overhanging the burial site.

All photographs by Ann Meekitjuk Hanson unless otherwise noted.


Author Ann Meekitjuk Hanson.



hands. The wooden headstone had fallen from its place and lay on top of its subjects. We observed each name on the wooden pole. The names were hard to read because the wood had long been weathered. From memory my uncle recited the names; we repeated them after him. Reciting the names out loud made it more real that they once existed and lived on this earth: Ipivik, Iola, Manumi, Pitalusi, Jaimisi, Musi, Alika, Josipi, Pitsiulaq, Sandy, Agusimajuq, Nakasuk, Palluq ...

After observation and respect, we had a memorial service, led by Taqialuk. He read passages from his Bible and prayed. After his prayers, we mourned the dead as if it just happened yesterday, not in 1937.

This is my **Uncle Annugaq**'s story, translated from Inuktitut:

In the winter of 1937 my mother Palluq told me to go and stay with my sister Josie and her husband Meekitjuk for the remaining winter. They lived closer to Kimmirut at the time. My mother said I would have more to eat at my sister's. We were going through hunger times in our village that winter.

Iola passed through our village with his dog team. I took a ride with him to Takijualuk, my sister Josie's and her husband's temporary camp, near Kimmirut. It was as if I were fleeing from a terrible fate because shortly after, there were many sudden deaths. It was only about one month or even less after I left all these deaths happened. It seems I fled from all these deaths; it was not my time.

Annugaq Arnaquq was sixteen years old in 1937 when his family died with what is likely food poisoning. At the time he was living with relatives at another, temporary camp.

Ajunaqmaat [It cannot be helped].

I cannot say where their pain started when they got sick. I only have heard that the beached whale was suspected. The people ate from this beached whale. People have said if a beached whale is bloated and rotten, it can be blamed for the deaths. It has never been proven, it has been only suspected. No one knows for sure.

My father Arnaquq went through the unimaginable, as their leader and family member, as he watched his mother Pitalusi, wife Palluq, two sons Iola and Pitsiulaq, and his older daughter get sick and die on the same day!

My great-uncle Isaacie and his family were the only ones not affected. They did not get sick. My uncle Johnnybo, the son of Isaacie, was the one who went to get help from Kimmirut when he was so young.

The survivors from our family were my father Arnaquq, two sisters Mialiralaq [Little Mary], Annie, and our cousin Annie Shoo. I survived because I was moved out of that village before it happened, as if to flee the tragedy. It was meant to be that I stay alive. Today I have reached old age and I am grateful.

I remember there were five *qamma* [huts]. Our village was called Niaqunguu, a big hill shaped like a head. There were few villages along the coast of Kangitujuaq. They were far from each other. They were usually one day travel by dog team.

We are so grateful to Pita, the clerk. I am so grateful to him. I have had no opportunity to thank him personally.

The burial site at Crooks Inlet on a foggy day in the summer of 1999.

I used to hunt rabbits, ptarmigans, trap foxes near the burial sight. I could see it with my eyes. I could not go near it.

Kimmirut in the 1930s.

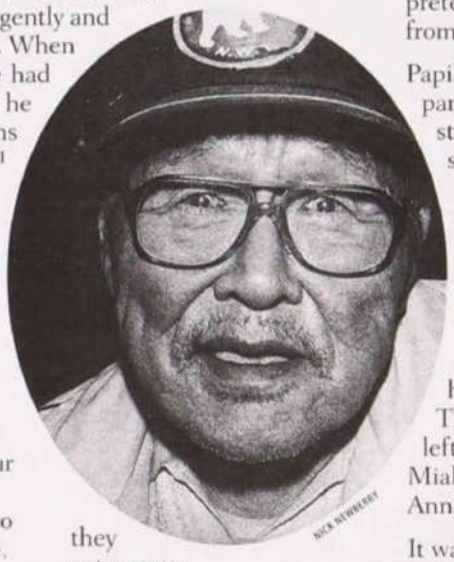
PETER NICOLS

I know he went through a lot. I know it is a lot to bury one person, but he had to bury so many all at once. When one person is being buried, many mourn. At that time, so many died! They were poor and yet one person worked so hard to bury them and put them to rest! We are so grateful to all those who worked so hard. We have not had our opportunity to voice our gratefulness.

It has been over sixty years. I used to hunt rabbits, ptarmigans, trap foxes near the burial sight. I could see it with my eyes. I could not go near it. I could not go near it alone. I wanted to go near it. I had my fox traps almost near it on purpose so I could someday work up the courage to go near it.

When I became an adult and [was] living in Iqaluit, I was almost ready and was able to utter I was ready. My only reason was I had no means of getting there. It was so far from Iqaluit and there was never any appropriate time. Then I would think I had to go and there was no other way about it. I could go by snowmobile or boat. I would tell myself I would not go alone. There would have to be people around me.

Johnnybo Ulluakallak was seventeen years old when he had to make a journey he would never forget. He admits, at over eighty years old today, he forgets what happened yesterday and yet has a good memory from long ago. He is frail now, has loss of hearing in both ears. He talks gently and almost inaudibly at times. When he describes the time he had to go and get help while he was still able to, he livens up to unfold the tragedy.[1] This is his story:



My same-named one Johnnybo[2], Jaimisi, and Ipivik went hunting to the floe edge at the Big Island. They were to spend the night there.

The next day a lone dog team was approaching our village. They [the three hunters] had left with two dog teams the day before. We were watching them as they got nearer and nearer. I remember it was a very nice clear day.

Jaimisi dismounted from the sled. He put his right hand over his eyes as he knelt with his left knee. The dogs did not stop. They continued to approach our village.

It was the time of longer days. It was pleasant to be outdoors. We were outdoors enjoying the pleasant weather when we received the bad news. The whole village was crying as we learned what had happened. Jaimisi's brother Ipivik had died. He got sick, then died the next day!

Soon after, Jaimisi got sick. My same-named one Johnnybo and I were told to go and get help from Kimmirut. There were no nurses or doctors at the time. There was the RCMP and the Hudson's Bay Company post.

We always knew and admired Jaimisi's dogs for their strength, alertness, and speed, but this time they did not want to pull. They were very down and sad.

The RCMP officer was Papikaaq [Cpl. H.A. McBeth], his coworker was Iritajak, and their guide and interpreter was Tommy Mitchell, from Labrador.

Papikaaq and his guide prepared their dog team and started for our village as soon as they learned what was happening. We followed them, but our team was so sad, we could not keep up. When we finally got to our village, almost everyone had died. They had died so quickly. There were few people left: Pitsiulala, Kallajuk, Mialiralaq, Annie, and Annie Shoo.

It was not a pleasant place to arrive to. All the huts were occupied by the dead people. There were no more dogs. They had all been shot; otherwise they would have eaten all the dead bodies.

The few survivors were gathered to one place. Then after a while, they were moved to another village. In our household, no one got sick or died. My cousin Anniqniq, Ipivik's widow, moved in with us because she had lost all her family.

Soon after all the deaths, Aqpik [a relative from another village] moved us to another place. We had no more dogs.

I don't know where the pain started when they got sick. They died so quickly.

We were going through [a] hunger period that winter. The hunting was poor.

There was a beached minke whale.[3] People ate from this whale. Some suspected that this caused their illness and death. Soon after they ate from this whale, they had uncontrollable diarrhea. They were not even aware of their bowel movements or the desire to eliminate.

In our household, we did not eat from this beached minke whale. In our family, there was my father Isaacie, my mother Shuvinai, sisters Mitiq and Avvirut, and my younger brother Yuu.

---

[1] On November 8, 2000, after this article was written, Johnnybo died after many months in and out of hospital in Iqualuit. He appreciated every visit at the hospital and his home at the elders' facility.

[2] There were two Johnnybos, both about the same age. In the Inuk culture, when more than one person are named after the same person, they are known as "my same-named one." The boys were named after John Bull, an early whaler in the region.

[3] There is some discrepancy over the type of whale. Peter Nichols, the HBC clerk, maintains it was a Greenland (bowhead) whale, and that it likely died before the freeze-up in October. The illness occurred in December, just before Christmas.

There was another person who went to help the people in that village, a young twenty-two-year-old Hudson's Bay Company clerk, Mr. **Peter Nichols** (who my Uncle Annugaq refers to as "Pita the clerk." "Pita" is "Peter" in Inuktitut). Mr. Nichols and I started to write letters back and forth in the spring of 1999. He sent me a transcript of an interview about the events at Crooks Inlet, which resides in the Hudson's Bay Archives:

The one event that took place at Lake Harbour during my stay there and which had a considerable effect on me was an epidemic that broke out at an Eskimo community in Crooks Inlet, some hundred miles from the Lake Harbour post.[4] It all started just before Christmas when two small boys who could not have been more than eight or nine years old arrived one evening at the post with three dogs and an empty *komatik*.[5] They were almost frozen.

They reported to the store manager, Mr. Wilderspin, that at their camp at Crooks Inlet, there were a lot of sick Eskimos and some had already died. Mr. Wilderspin made as much inquiry as he could as to what was the cause of it all, but the boys themselves really couldn't say much except that everybody was hungry because with the sickness it meant that none of the hunters could leave the camp and obtain food.

Immediately, Mr. Wilderspin decided that he would send me to Crooks Inlet with a load of supplies and to find out just what the problem was. The next morning, I left with my dog team and an Eskimo companion, and we proceeded to Crooks Inlet, spending two nights on the way.

When we arrived at the camp, to my horror I discovered that during the days since the boys arrived at Lake Harbour, fourteen Eskimos had died: men, women, and children. The others were very, very hungry, having no food and not being able to get any because of their illness. Some of the Eskimos that were able had collected together the fourteen bodies of the deceased and placed them in a sealskin tent which had been covered with snow blocks. The bodies were frozen.

The dogs, by the time I arrived, were ravenous, had broken into the tent, and were feasting on the bodies of those who had already died. The first thing we did was destroy all the dogs as there was no possible way that we could feed them. We had dog food for our own team but this was needed to get us back to Lake Harbour.

After destroying the dogs, the next was to try and establish what the problem was and what the epidemic consisted of, and also to feed those who were still living. I remember making a large pot of oatmeal porridge because one of the traits of the epidemic was that the throats of the people affected were constricted, so they had great difficulty swallowing, and it was almost impossible to get solid food down their throats. But a gruel made of oatmeal seemed to be able to slip down fairly easily.

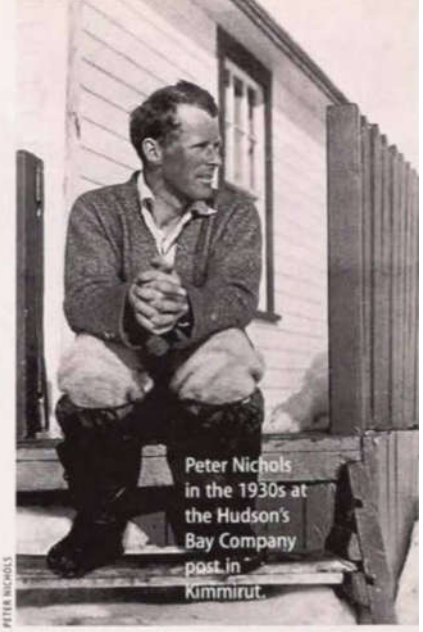
One thing that affected me greatly was that in trying to spoon-feed one of the Eskimo men, he died in my arms.

We stayed at Crooks Inlet for two days. By that time we were running short of supplies and there had been further deaths. There was nothing that I could do – or nothing I thought I could do – to prevent further deaths. Those who survived seemed to have passed the worst of the epidemic and I thought they might just make it. So it was decided that we should evacuate those remaining and take them all to Lake Harbour where we could better look after them.

Meantime, it was important that we try and establish the cause of the epidemic and what it really was. I made inquiries from the survivors as to what they had eaten prior to the outbreak, and one of the things that came up was that a large whale had driven ashore not far from their camp in the early fall, and they had eaten some of the meat from the rotting whale. It occurred to me that there was a possibility that this might have been the cause.

On the other hand, I couldn't explain why the epidemic seemed to constrict their throats. It was mainly women and children who survived. The death toll consisted mostly of the older people, but there were some younger people included.

Before leaving for the return trip to Lake Harbour with the survivors, the bodies of those who had died were all placed together in one skin house, the largest that was in the place. They were all frozen and left there. The skin house was then covered with snow blocks to prevent, if possible, any animals from breaking in. The dogs had all been killed and it would only be the wild animals that might break in and harm the bodies.



PETER NICHOLS

Peter Nichols in the 1930s at the Hudson's Bay Company post in Kimmirut.

We took off for Lake Harbour with, I recall, possibly twelve survivors, including one very small little girl, who was so small that to prevent her falling off the *komatik*, we tied her on with sealskin line. We arrived at Lake Harbour safely, and the survivors were taken by local Eskimo families and taken care of. I then made my report to Mr. Wilderspin and told him all I could possibly gather as to what led up to the epidemic. He then wrote his detailed report to the head office, giving all the symptoms it was possible to pass on, and much later, after the following ship time, we heard that the doctors thought it was internal mumps. On the other hand, I've always wondered myself whether it wasn't some sort of poisoning, brought about by eating the dead whale. The story continued in the spring.

I had it in my mind all the months leading up to the spring that these bodies were still lying frozen in this tent and something would

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[4] In one of his letters, Mr. Nichols apologizes for using *Eskimo* because it was the term of the day. He says, "You will note that in the interviews with the HBC archivist I used the word *Eskimo* rather than *Inuit*, and I hasten to assure you that no disrespect, whatsoever, was intended. This term was in common use in those early days. During my forty odd years in and around the whole of the Canadian Arctic I had nothing but respect and admiration for the 'people' and believe I had many good friends among them."

We have always used *Inuit*, meaning the People, amongst ourselves. Today it is widely used in many other languages. We, the older generation, are not offended by the term *Eskimo* because we grew up with it and it has a certain amount of pride. When I see the word, it reminds me of survival, endurance, independence, celebrating life at every chance, history, and handling tragedies like the one at Crooks Inlet.

[5] Johnnybo looked much younger because he was starving. To a healthy clerk, he (and likely his same-named one) must have looked like a little boy, half-starved, poorly clothed, small for his age. Also, we Inuit were not very large at the time.

Ineak Akavak (above) reads the names of the deceased written on a wooden marker. Now faded, but readable, the fourteen names were written in 1937 by Ineak's mother, Pitsiula, then etched with a pocket knife by Peter Nichols.

Cause of Death ...

The Beaver *asked Dr. Ian Wanless, professor of pathology at the University of Toronto and Toronto General Hospital, to infer the cause of death from the facts presented in this article.*

The accompanying story describes an outbreak of an illness that affected more than half the members of a village on Baffin Island in 1937. The illness was characterized by the nearly simultaneous onset and rapid death of almost all those who were affected. All the villagers who became ill had apparently eaten flesh of a beached whale that had been dead for months and was frozen in the ice. The illness was associated with severe diarrhea and difficulty swallowing.

The features of this outbreak, including the food source, time course of the illness, and symptoms, are highly suggestive of botulism. Botulism is caused by one of several toxins formed by the bacterium *Clostridium botulinum*. The toxins cause paralysis of the skeletal muscles by blocking the release of the neural transmitter acetylcholine. Most cases of botulism occur after ingestion of contaminated food. Symptoms begin within hours of ingestion, and death may occur in as little as eight hours and usually within a few days. Even with modern medical support, the mortality rate is 15 percent.

Early symptoms of botulism are related to weakness of the muscles in the head and neck, with double vision, difficulty speaking and swallowing, drooping eyelids, and dilated pupils. Intestinal symptoms include nausea, vomiting, dry mouth, and diarrhea or constipation. Death occurs after paralysis of the chest muscles prevents the victim from breathing.

Outbreaks of botulism have been reported throughout the world after ingestion of improperly prepared food. The implicated food has generally been allowed to remain at room temperature prior to cooking or preserving. Outbreaks are also common in livestock that have ingested infected silage or carcasses scavenged in the field.

Botulism is endemic in northern regions with incomplete access to electric power, including Canada, Alaska, and Greenland. In Canada, reports for the years 1995 to 1997 describe forty-one cases in nineteen outbreaks with one fatality. Seventeen of these outbreaks occurred in the Arctic and two in cities. The foods implicated included seal (seven outbreaks), fish (four), whale (four), micerak (two), and walrus and paté (one outbreak each). ◘

—Ian R. Wanless, MD, FRCPC

have to be done for a permanent burial ground.

With the permission of Mr. Wilderspin, in the spring when the ice was still on the sea and the ground was practically bare, with my own dog team and by myself, I travelled back to Crooks Inlet. I found that all the snow had disappeared. The most desolate sight I think I've ever seen was this camp, all the snow gone. The sealskin tents which they were using were there of course, still up, but it was like a dead community.

The flapping of the sealskin in the small wind was just a weird experience. The bodies in the sealskin tent were still frozen solid and in the most grotesque shapes, just as they had died and just as they had been carried and placed in the tent. Now it was a question of where to bury them permanently.

I walked around the area of the camp and found in one place a large, overhanging rock. It was not a cave but just a large rock with an overhanging lip and, knowing that it was impossible to dig a hole, I decided that the only way to bury the bodies and protect them from bears and what-not was to lay them all inside this overhanging rock and then carry rocks and close up the entrance.

There was no snow on the land and to move these fourteen bodies from the sealskin tent I had to use the dogs and a sleigh, which meant dragging the sleigh over ground rather than snow and ice. This took considerable time because of the way in which they had frozen; their arms and legs were sticking out all over the place and only one or two could be moved at a time.

They were still clothed, and it took me practically the whole part of one day to move the bodies under the overhanging rock and then another day to gather together sufficient large stones from close at hand and further away. It was well known that the bears can break down most anything and one had to make a very strong entrance if one wished to protect the bodies. So it was finally accomplished.

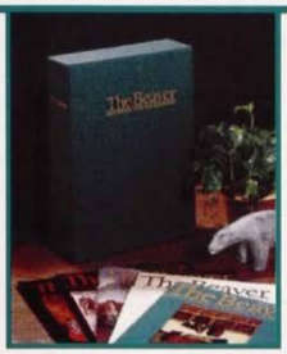
As a last touch, I'd prepared before leaving Lake Harbour a wooden cross on which, with the help of an Eskimo, I'd inscribed all the names of those who had died.[6] The last thing I did was to erect the cross over the stone and to fasten it with large stones so that it wouldn't blow away. I've often wondered if that cross is still there.

One other thing that struck me as being dreadful in a way, was that when I arrived at the camp the one living thing that I saw was a little Eskimo puppy with a huge, distended stomach. It was one dog that we might have missed on the earlier trip when it was decided to destroy all the dogs. I tried to catch this little dog. I didn't have the heart to shoot it, but I tried to catch it because I thought I might take it back to Lake Harbour. But I couldn't. I eventually left it.

[6] Pitsiula had written the names in syllabics on the wooden cross in pencil and then Mr. Nichols etched them. Pitsiula was the mother of Ineak, Sandy's wife, who came with us on our 1998 trip.

Today in Nunavut, some Inuit are visiting their original homes on the land to relive the memories, to heal the old wounds, to mourn some of the loss of old language and culture, or just to visit the past. I took my uncle to Crooks Inlet so he could finally mourn and bury his grandmother, mother, two brothers, a sister, aunts, uncles, and friends with grace and dignity for the first time. Even if it took over sixty years.

Ann Meekitjuk Hanson is a freelance writer living in Iqaluit, Nunavut.



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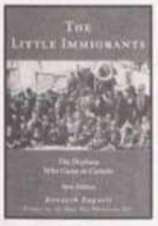

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Routledge, New York and London, 2001
272 pp., $35.00 hardcover

■ **R.M. Patterson: A Life of Great Adventure**
By David Finch
Rocky Mountain Books, Calgary, 2000
304 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

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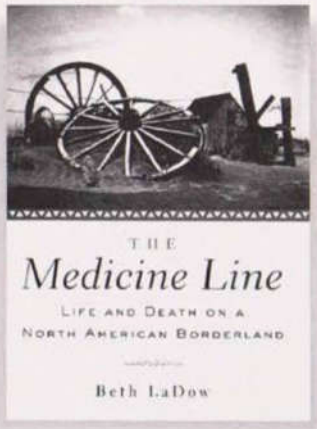
Parallel Lives

In ***The Medicine Line: Life and Death on a North American Borderland***, a well-written, engaging book, Beth LaDow looks at a remote hundred-or-so-mile-long section of the international border between north-central Montana and southwestern Saskatchewan. Her study area centres on Saskatchewan's Cypress Hills district, the Canadian half of medicine-line country, and Montana's Blaine County, the American half. Her time period reaches from the mid-nineteenth century to the 1920s. Throughout her book the author, who has an M.A. in history from Harvard and a Ph.D. from Brandeis University, argues that both sides of the border share a "surprisingly parallel and intertwined past." As she writes on her first page, it is impossible "to divide the American story from the Canadian along this boundary, as if it split the past as neatly as a meat cleaver."

The title of the book comes from the First Nations, who call the invisible line that artificially divides their territories the medicine line. In the first half of her study, the author emphasizes the First Nations' prior occupancy of the area, and reviews their experiences in the early American and Canadian settlement periods. The first chapter examines how the international border surveyors in the early 1870s brought the medicine line into being. A second chapter reviews Sitting Bull's exile in Canada, from 1877 to 1881 – years in which the medicine line had real meaning, as it offered the Sioux (Dakota) a place of refuge. Subsequent chapters look at the opening up of cattle and sheep ranching, the expansion of railways, and the beginning of large-scale agricultural settlement on the semiarid northern plains. The last half of the book narrates how the medicine line "faded from memory" from the 1890s to the 1920s, with the exception of the World War I years. The author has consulted on both sides of the border, dairies, settlement letters, censuses, government reports, as well as interviewed a number of descendants.



Her inclusion of the First Nations from the beginning to the end of her study constitutes a real strength of the book. She explains particularly well the impact of disease on the native population. In 1918 both the native and nonnative population faced the same challenges with the onslaught of the Spanish influenza epidemic, which killed many in both communities. A second great strength of the text is her comparison of developments on both the Canadian and the American side of the border. In terms of law enforcement she finds that overall the Mounted Police, "were vigilant law enforcers, compared to more lax enforcement in the United States." She makes interesting comparisons as well of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Great Northern on the American side of the border, "mirror-image transcontinental railways squeezed just one hundred arid prairie miles between them."

The quality of her writing is a delight. One example indicates how she brings sound into her text. In describing the Red River cart, she writes: its "ungreased poplar or cottonwood axles could set a coyote's teeth on edge." Throughout she provides short, descriptive summaries such as this, on the great farming rush at the turn of the century: "The dry country began absorbing people like blotting paper."

While the illustrations add a great deal to the text, the respective photo library's negative numbers do not always appear. These can be corrected in a second printing. More serious is the repeated use throughout of the imprecise term "white," such as in the phrase "white heritage," in place of more precise terms such as American, French-Canadian, English-Canadian. A few misunderstandings of the troubles on the Canadian side in 1885, are proba-

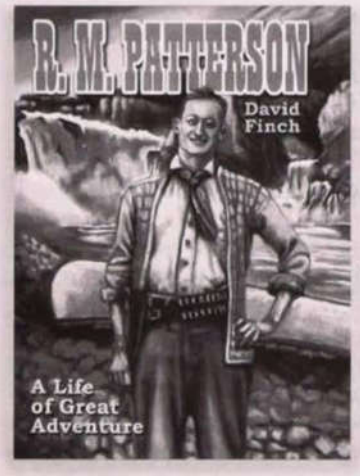
bly due to the heavy emphasis placed on Joseph Kinsey Howard's popular history, *Strange Empire* (1951), over more reliable studies like G.F.G. Stanley's *Riel* (1963), and Bob Beal's and Rod Macleod's *Prairie Fire: The 1885 North-West Rebellion* (1984). But these are minor criticisms. This a good book, and a most enjoyable read.

Reviewed by **Donald Smith**, who teaches Canadian history at the University of Calgary.

Quest in the West

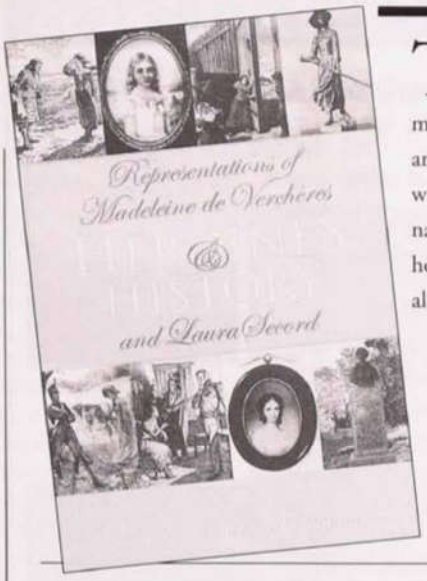
Had it not been for his best-selling book about adventures on the Nahanni River in the late 1920s, the name Raymond Murray Patterson would be little more than a historical footnote. But with *The Dangerous River* and four other nonfiction books to his credit, Patterson is a substantial contributor to the canon of Canadian wilderness literature. In ***R.M. Patterson: A Life of Great Adventure***, Calgary historian David Finch has produced a richly detailed portrait of the gentleman adventurer behind the byline.

Organized chronologically, the book moves from Patterson's privileged English birth in 1896, through his years at a proper British public school, service in World War I, his various exploits in Canada – which included homesteading, ranching, and adventuring in British Columbia and Alberta and the North – and finally to his dotage and eventual death in 1984 on Vancouver Island.



Finch has done a superb job in ferreting out and bringing to print – many for the first time – Patterson's letters to his mother and his friends that often tell a richer, more ambiguous, and occasionally quite different story of his adventures than that recorded in the books. Although he is quick to forgive Patterson's occasional sculpting for literary purposes, for example in the facts of his trips to the Nahanni in *The Dangerous River*, he clearly indicates where published and unpublished accounts diverge. Documentation of these sources in a detailed index and endnotes will be a starting point for those wishing to probe further into Patterson's life.

Finch has chosen to make his subject's voice dominant in the text. Large blocks of quoted material effectively illustrate the progress of a life and the evolution of a writer's voice, but they do not work as well to carry



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the narrative itself. The book might have benefited from more Finch and less Patterson because, in the end, the story seems a little one-sided. At points when the account would have benefited from a somewhat broader perspective – when, for example, Patterson forays into the mountains with various women who were not his wife – Finch falls back on only Patterson's accounts of what went on, which, the reader has learned elsewhere in the book, is not always the whole story.

Nevertheless, *R.M. Patterson: A Life of Great Adventure* is a worthy piece of historical research and an engaging read. Tangential references to other iconic characters like Albert Faille and John Hornby add colour, depth, and authenticity to the text. Chronological detailing of the beginnings of a writing career clearly illustrate the pivotal role journals like the *Beaver* had in bringing an adventurer like R.M. Patterson to the point where he felt he was ready to tackle a whole book. Hand-drawn maps give the book a journalesque flair, while easily situating the reader in the geography of Patterson's travails. A generous complement of black-and-white photographs are linked to the text and superbly rendered in the production process.

Most of the fine photographs in the book were taken on sunny days and, in many of them – including the gunslinger pose that inspired the dust-cover illustration – the bespectacled, long-necked, lanky Patterson is front and centre in a hand-on-the-hip bold-hero sort of pose. In the end, this is how David Finch has chosen to portray R.M.P. As an epilogue attests, in which the author reports on a Patterson family reunion in Alberta to celebrate the naming of a mountain peak after a man for whom they all have lingering affection, for David Finch remembering Raymond Patterson has been, and continues to be, a scholarly muse but also a labour of love.

Reviewed by **James Raffan**, a writer and geographer who lives in Seeley's Bay, Ontario. His latest book is *Tumblehome: Meditations and Lore from a Canoeist's Life*, published by HarperCollins.

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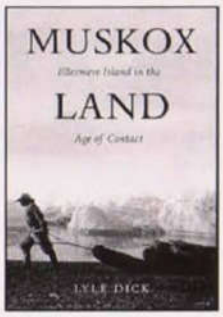

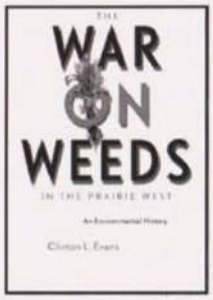

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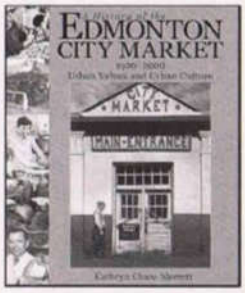

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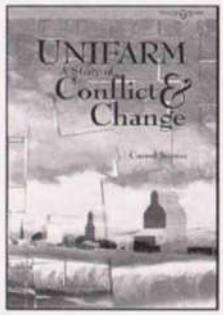

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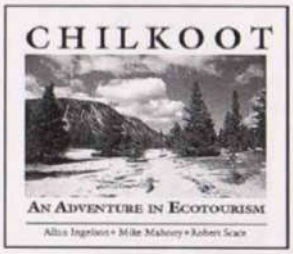

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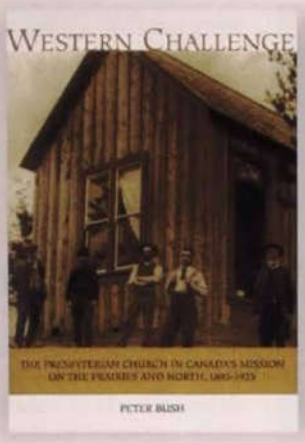
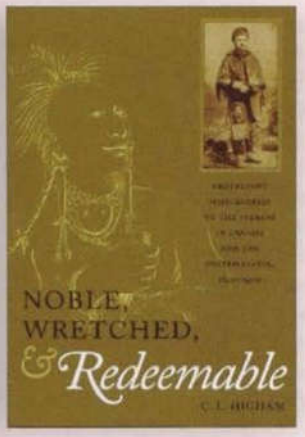
At the dawn of the new millennium, many Christians are reflecting upon the history of their church institutions. Some, motivated by a desire to reconnect with a level of faith and sense of mission that they believe once typified the Christian church, look to history to reinvigorate their present expressions of faith. Others have recognized dark shadows in these histories and seek to understand Christianity by exposing and taking responsibility for the church's past actions. The three works under review here are important contributions to this discussion. All are based on solid archival research and probe the meaning of "mission" and the functions of the Christian church in new (re)settlement frontiers.

Rev. Peter Bush's ***Western Challenge***, because of its straightforward





narrative of a single denominational history and sometimes colloquial tone, is the most geared of the three to a nonspecialist audience. Between 1901 and 1921, the Presbyterian Church on the Canadian prairies grew by 450 percent, keeping close pace with general population growth. On the eve of the 1925 church union, one out of every four persons residing in the prairies was a Presbyterian. The book examines how the Canadian Presbyterian Church addressed the various challenges it met in the prairie West and in the North – climate and the land itself, First Nations, new Canadians, the Klondike, urban growth, and finally church union. Bush argues the "church in the west remade itself to advance the mission of the church." That sense of mission shifted during the period from 1885 to 1925 from one of proclaiming the gospel in word and deed to a desire for a socially relevant religion. Structural developments, particularly the expansion of church bureaucracy, and the efforts of church personnel (ranging from native missionaries like Solomon Tunkasuiciye to the church visionary, Rev. James Robertson), both reflected and facilitated this change.

In contrast to the adaptive (although not always successful) nature of the Presbyterians to their new mission frontiers, Dr. Carol Higham's ***Noble, Wretched, and Redeemable*** illustrates how Protestant missionaries' preconceptions about aboriginal peoples in western North America could be more influential than actual experience when it came to the creation, maintenance, and propagation of images of the "Indian." Higham analyzed more than eighty private papers of nineteenth-century missionaries in Canada and the United States, the publications of nine mission societies, and nearly a hundred fictional and nonfictional works by missionaries and their families. He convincingly concludes that despite the disparity between governmental policies towards native peoples in the two countries, the wide variety of native peoples and societies encountered, signifi-

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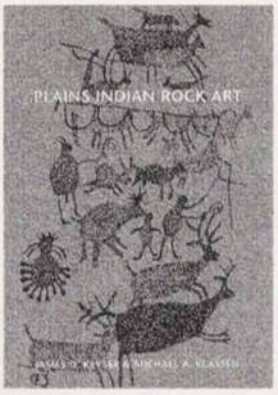

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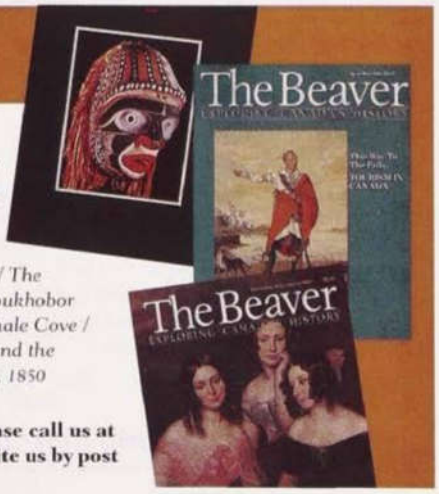

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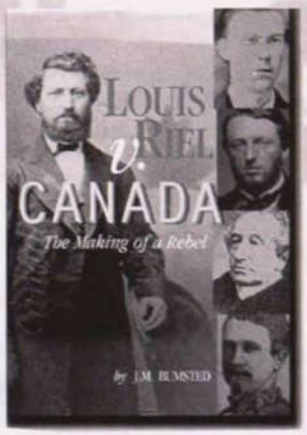

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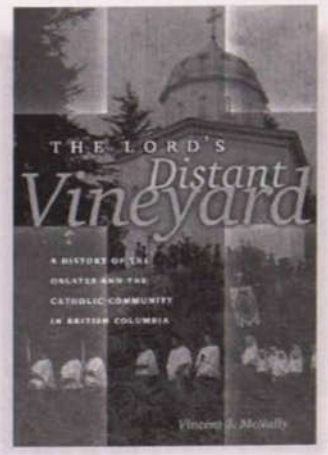
cant institutional variations, and differences between missionaries as individuals, the way Protestant missionaries regarded Indians was remarkably similar in American and Canadian contexts. As the book's title indicates, the stereotypical image that emerged from the missionary discourse was not static. It ranged from the romanticized "noble savage," an image formed long before missionaries actually met any First Nations, to the belief that Indians were "wretched" because of either their presumed cultural inferiority or the negative consequences of contact with whites, to, finally, the image of a "redeemable Indian." This latter construction renewed the missionaries' own sense of purpose (salvation of souls), and gained prominence at the end of the period under examination, when rising costs of conversion, low success rates, and the necessity of a closer relationship with government to secure access to resources made justifying their efforts more acute.



The theme of how the establishment of churches occurred on top of, and frequently irrespective of, existing spiritualities, is a point all three authors raise. It is especially apparent in Rev. Dr. Vincent McNally's ***The Lord's Distant Vineyard***, a history of the development of the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate and the Catholic community in British Columbia in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. B.C. was different than other fields in which the Oblate order was active. Greeted with indifference by European settlers, for their first seventy-nine years the Oblates designated their operations in the far west as "a vicariate of missions rather than a province." At times, there was friction between mission and secular components of the church, and how the Catholic community built itself into a small, yet enduring organization is given due attention. However, McNally's most powerful arguments lie in a critical exposure of what he terms the Church's "own spiritual poverty in the historic treatment of Native people." When it comes to native people, certain newcomers like Asians, and other marginalized groups, McNally boldly exposes the Catholic Church's role in fostering racism in B.C. In support, he documents various Oblate mission practices that aggressively denounced native culture, education activities (including the notorious residential schools), and even the absence of native clergy. Thus, by his critical and thorough examination of both the triumphs and the shameful actions of the Church, McNally makes a significant contribution to the historiography of Catholicism in the west.

Reviewed by **Susan Neylan**, an assistant professor in the department of history of Wilfrid Laurier University. Her research interests include native-missionary relations in British Columbia and post-colonialism in Canada.

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CHRIS RAIBLE

Booknotes

As we argue about our border with the United States – abolishing it or strengthening it – it is worth understanding how that border was finally fixed. For the eastern half, at least, *A Good and Wise Measure* tells the story very nicely indeed. The boundary line had supposedly been set, following the American Revolution, by the Treaty of Paris in 1783. Almost immediately there were strong disagreements about the meaning of that agreement. When the War of 1812 ended affirming the *status quo ante bellum*, the arguments renewed with greater vigour. Expanded settlement made the question of the disputed territory and its resources even more important. Both sides were weary of war but wary of each other. "We have a singularly crafty people to deal with," mused a British minister, "and we are bound therefore to look with some suspicion & distrust upon any proposal made by them." Of one British proposal, an American commissioner complained that it embodied "as much disingenuousness, craftiness, false extraction, and bold assertion, as I can ever remember to have read." Negotiations bogged down, joint-commissions resolved very little, arbitration by the king of the Netherlands aroused intense suspicions of betrayal, and the 1837 Rebellions caused further stress. About Canada, Lord Melbourne fretted, "How these provinces are to be settled with anything like security, I do not see. The French population entirely hostile ... the Americans exciting and ready to assist rebellion, and the English population loyal according to their own fancy, and upon condition that they have their own way in everything." In 1839, when New Brunswickers began to harvest lumber on land claimed by the State of Maine, the so-called "Aroostook War" almost erupted into full-scale war. Settlement finally came with an agreement between British Lord Ashburton and American Secretary of State Daniel Webster. No Canadians were involved.

The Rebellions of 1837 were followed by several border crossings by Canadians who had fled to the U.S. and by eager American supporters. The next-to-last such incursion, in November 1838, is described with the competency we have come to expect from military historian Donald E. Graves in his *Guns Across the River*. He describes an ill-conceived and appallingly executed landing near Prescott by Patriot Hunters – mostly, but not all, Americans. Their purpose was to fan smouldering Canadian discontent back into the flames of revolution. The "Battle of the Windmill," as it came to be called, was a dismal failure, but makes a rousing tale. Before detailing that encounter, Graves summarizes a whole series of 1838 border incidents (but omitting one sad story, the "Short Hills" invasion). He also describes the Hunters, a secret society patterned on the Masons, with many thousands of members in the U.S. and significant numbers in Lower and Upper Canada. Graves has no sympathy for any of them, seeing them – as did the Canadian colonial authorities – as pirates and plunderers. He discounts the deep (and, I think, justifiable) distrust of the British that ran through the American psyche. And he seems not to understand the almost religious appeal of "manifest destiny," with its missionary zeal to spread "the blessings of liberty" to the entire continent.

Borders, defining or defending them, are matters of sovereignty, a word that leaps to our Canadian minds in discussions about Quebec. Laurier LaPierre is a fervent Canadian nationalist who nonetheless adores his home province. (No wonder he was recently appointed to the Senate!) His *Québec: a Tale of Love* is an unapologetic expression of his love for its history. As such it is personal, biased, and a pleasant read. Most intriguing, and at times annoying, is his interspersing his narrative with fictional conversations held with historic persons, each brought to the author by a native spirit guide, Mascou. (No doubt Mackenzie King would have taken them seriously!)

According to John Ibbitson, from its beginning Ontario has also insisted on its political sovereignty, albeit within Canada. In *Loyal No More* he looks to the past for inspiration, although he oversimplifies the political attitudes of the province's early settlers – most were not loyalists. Surprisingly, in writing the book's opening drama about a 1859 Reform Convention called by George Brown, Ibbitson, a *Globe and Mail* journalist, did not bother to read the original *Globe* accounts of the actual event. Nevertheless, his chapters on Ontario's insistence on controlling its own destiny – in the process, altering the balance of power between Ottawa and the provinces – are well worth pondering. Oliver Mowat in the 1870s and Mike Harris in our time have much in common. Compact theory rises again. (Essential to understanding this debate – but somehow missed by Ibbitson – is Paul Romney's *Getting It Wrong*, published a couple of years ago.)

Here is an American journalist's discovery that there are on this continent three countries, separated and united. Anthony DePalma covered Mexico and then Canada for the *New York Times* in the 1990s. With each country he makes an admirable attempt to appreciate its history, with only minor slips (e.g., there were two Riel uprisings). More troubling, like many a reporter, he leaps to conclusions from limited evidence. One

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- *Here: A Biography of the New American Continent.* By Anthony DePalma. Public Affairs, distributed by HarperCollins, 2001. $39.50 hardcover.

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example: on discovering a cemetery off Yonge Street "not far from the heart of downtown Toronto," he writes, "only 100 years before" it was "the far fringe of the town, the final outpost of British North America before heading into the numbing expanse of the northern country." It was no such thing. By 1855, when St. Michael's cemetery was established, land was fully settled for many miles to the north, with thriving communities at nearly every concession crossing. The cemetery's vault for holding bodies until spring thaws, DePalma imagines, "gave shape to winter as an inescapable force of Canadian life, and death. ... It required a conscious decision of a society to build a winter vault and a broad commitment from many to see that it continued to operate, and that kind of cohesiveness developed into Canada's cooperative and sometimes smothering character." Maybe, maybe not. Such cemetery vaults are found in many northern U.S. cities; erecting this one required but one word from the Roman Catholic bishop! *Here* is missubtitled "a Biography of the New American Continent"—it contains only pieces of history, and precious little U.S. history at that. It is simply one political reporter's seven-year memoirs and reflections. Nonetheless, *Here* is a valiant attempt to be inclusive, to transcend the borders, to think outside the usual U.S. box.

More Books Worth Noting

- *Mona Parsons: From Privilege to Prison, From Nova Scotia to Nazi Europe*
  By Andria Hill. Nimbus Publishing, 2000. 24.95 hardcover.
  The full recounting (briefly told in the *Beaver*, October/November 1998) of the extraordinary story of a Canadian actress in the 1930s who married and settled in Holland, was imprisoned by the Nazis for work in the Dutch resistance, and who eventually returned to Nova Scotia.
- *The Ride to Modernity: The Bicycle in Canada, 1869–1900*
  By Glen Norcliffe. University of Toronto Press, 2001. $24.95 paper.
  The history of the bicycle in Canada during the last decades of the nineteenth century, an era when bicycles were seen to be more a sign of social status than a means of transportation – well supplied with splendid photographs and other illustrations.
- *Love Strong as Death: Lucy Peel's Canadian Journal, 1833-36*
  Edited by J.I. Little. Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2001. $39.95 hardcover.
  The diary (sent home in installments) of a woman member of the British elite describing her life in a land largely inhabited by American settlers: the Eastern Townships of Quebec.
- *Blood, Sweat, and Cheers: Sport and the Making of Modern Canada*
  By Colin D. Howell. University of Toronto Press, 2001. 45.00 hardcover; $14.95 paper.
  A highly readable survey of how athletic competition contributed to Canadian nation-building – showing that "like sport itself, sport history is contested territory."
- *Sit Down and Drink Your Beer: Regulating Vancouver's Beer Parlours, 1925–1954*
  By Robert A. Campbell. University of Toronto Press, 2001. $50.00 hardcover; $19.95 paper.
  Following Prohibition, these legal places for public drinking were also, as this academic study argues, a means for moral regulation by the state.

Museum Profile

Located near the Winnipeg International Airport, the **Western Canada Aviation Museum**, the second-largest aviation heritage institution in Canada, houses over twenty-three historic aircraft and countless artifacts in its Richardson Gallery of Flight. From the immense Vickers Viscount, Bristol Freighter, and Junkers JU 52 to the rare beauty of the one-of-a-kind Vickers Vedette flying boat, the museum has something of interest for every aviation enthusiast.

With a mandate to educate through entertainment, the WCAM has several programs designed to appeal to children of different ages. SKYWAYS takes younger children on a windy ride on a propeller-driven bicycle and a little yellow taxi to find out for themselves how airplanes really fly. SPACEWAYS takes aviation adventurers ten years and older on a twenty-five-minute simulated space shuttle through the solar system, including using a simulated Canadarm and operating a remote-control vehicle on the Martian surface. For budding aviators sixteen or older, FLIGHTWAYS offers a nine-week flight-simulation course similar to that of professional institutions – a chance to experience the thrills of cyberflight.

INFO...WAYS, using state-of-the-art technologies in a vibrant kiosk, allows visitors to view video clips and moveable 3D virtual aircraft, play games, or take a 360-degree look at the museum.

The winner of two Attractions Canada awards for innovative programming, and with some of the most knowledgeable tour guides in the aviation world, the Western Canada Aviation Museum has something for everyone.

Western Canada Aviation Museum
Hangar T-2, 958 Ferry Road, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3H 0Y8
For information contact:
Telephone: (204) 786-5503
E-mail: <info@wcam.mb.ca>
Website: <www.wcam.mb.ca>

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- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

An NGO for Canadian History

Several years ago, when I got a call from the head of the Dominion Institute, I imagined a rather formal lunch with some retired business executive, with maybe a military crest on his blazer pocket, who was supervising some ancient tax-dodge foundation with a vaguely historical mandate.

But Rudyard Griffiths turned out to be quite a bit younger than I am. And the Dominion Institute turned out to be his own brainchild and a brand-new creation. And we ate burgers and shakes in a diner. Although the history project we discussed that day led to nothing, I've been intrigued by the Dominion Institute and its director ever since.

Griffiths, who has a Welsh name and a thoroughly Canadian pedigree, fills a valuable category hardly anyone had previously imagined – the historical impresario. He and his institute do Canadian history, but when they do it, it turns up as a poll and an op-ed in the major newspapers, and hot young fiction writers lend a hand, and Moses Znaimer puts it on television, and the hippest young publishers do the book, and there's simultaneous streaming video. The launch party is somewhere interesting, and it mixes moneyed investors with young writers and younger media types, and maybe it gets ink in *Toronto Life*, which writes Griffiths up as "perennially preppy" and takes an interest in his social life.

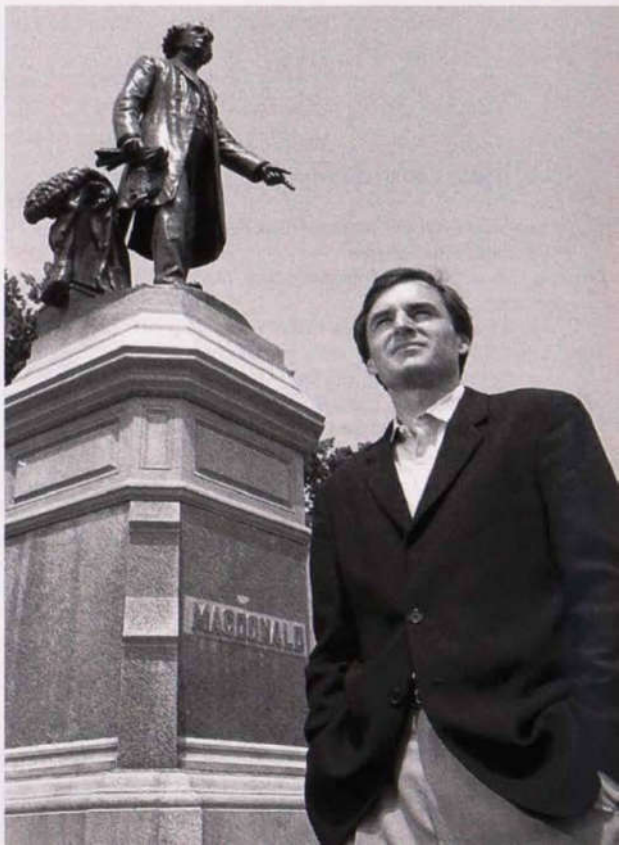
Who knew Canadian history could be served this way? Or needed to be served this way? Recently, I had another lunch with Rudyard Griffiths to find out how all this media-savvy historical activity worked. Instead of marketing, we talked about ... Hegel.

As an undergraduate a few years ago, Griffiths did a Great Books program at Kings College, Halifax. He emerged thinking of history less as specialized topics and techniques, more as a repository for civilization's great issues and enduring ideas, and he took that idea on to Cambridge for studies in the great nineteenth-century idealist philosopher. "Hegel really is the history of ideas, the centrality of ideas in history. I came away with the conviction that history and culture and ideas do matter. And these are things you can put into play in considering Canada and our community. Defining one's own identity by relation to one's community really is at the core of western thinking about freedom."

Griffiths went from Cambridge to a stint with Foreign Affairs in Ottawa ("a hotbed of Hegelians," he says, to my astonishment). And somewhere in there, he ran a student-painters company to earn tuition money. In 1997 the Hegelian idealist, the Ottawa policy-crat, and the small-business entrepreneur combined in the Dominion Institute, which he and a couple of friends launched with seed money from the Donner Foundation.

Of the resounding, old-fashioned name, Griffiths says, "It says that we are coming from a certain place, that we have ideas on the policy and the content front. Being 'The Centre for Cultural Issues' would not. It relates to our sense that history and community and identity and agency all matter."

What does the institute do? Griffiths calls it "an historical NGO"—another category I had not previously imagined, though Griffiths points to Historica and CNHS, the publisher of



this magazine, as others. He takes inspiration from nongovernmental organizations that do international-development work or cancer research. "They do the research and analysis. They know who their community is and what the attitudes and priorities are. When they take that case to the governments, their policy recommendations and objectives really are clear and persuasive. So our effort is to improve the research and analysis side of the history-NGO industry."

Anyone can decry the lack of history education. But when the Dominion Institute's press release declares, "Our ministries of education are out of touch with public opinion. Canadians want more history in their schools," it backs it up with data. With a new, $150,000 Ipsos-Reid poll on Canadian attitudes to history behind it, the Dominion Institute can report 96 percent of Canadians agree "that it is important for students across Canada to acquire the same body of historical knowledge and facts about Canada," while 80 percent agree "that national standards for teaching Canadian history are a good idea" (and 74 percent deny that Canadian history is "boring").

Policy research is only half the institute's agenda. The rest is education, and specifically the Memory Project. Launched with military veterans, and to be continued with immigrants and First Nations partners, the Memory Project takes first-person participants into schools – and helps the students to become the interviewers, archivists, and programmers of the historical testimony that emerges. "That's student agency!" says Griffiths. "When students find history is something adults have decided on, something 'good for you,' that's the kiss of death!"

"You know, history is thorny, that's the *good* thing about it. But the government has to be impartial and balanced and see all sides."

For NGOs, including historical ones, publicity is oxygen. "We have to publicize. And we have to deliver everything across several media. We have been successful when we reuse content across media. So a newspaper story becomes a television program and a website, and they help support the curriculum unit. Writers make good cultural interpreters – but they also offer celebrity value. We have to be attractive to get sponsorship, and we have to deliver the value of partnership across print, Internet, television all at once. And when we do, we become attractive to sponsors."

History, of course, used to be a public good and a public service. Shouldn't the government be doing all this itself? "Governments are out of the old way of funding culture as it did in the sixties or seventies," says Griffiths. "We need a new business model if we are going to advocate for historical and cultural initiatives today."

Besides, Griffiths doubts Canada's history is safe in the hands of civil servants alone. "Canadians like arms-length funding in content areas. We hear rumours that there might be a federal institute for Canadian history, and rumours of $100 million in funding. But they might be better off facilitating others, rather than launching another Ottawa-based institution. You know, history is thorny, that's the *good* thing about it. But the government has to be impartial and balanced and see all sides. I think it's really unfair to give civil servants that mandate to do cultural projects and then require them to be apolitical and impartial about everything.

"Think of the Louis Riel pardon," he goes on, warming to his idea. "I mean, the point of Riel is that we will always be debating him. That issue and that idea remain alive and contested. The government stepping in with a pardon – that seems to say, okay, this is over and settled, we have defined history and put an end to it.

"With globalization and the shrinking world, Canada can't just be geography, and we can't get by defining ourselves on medicare and peacekeeping. We need to engage with the ideas of our community. I'd much rather see Canada as a nation of ideas than of institutions." 🅼

The Dominion Institute recently sponsored *Story of a Nation* (Doubleday Canada), an anthology of fiction writers' takes on defining moments of Canadian history, for which – full disclosure – I wrote an introduction.

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Carol Duffus, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, is the niece of William B. Hendry. She lives in Waverley, Nova Scotia.

Baby Love We're not sure we'd want the fellow seated at the far left to be our ob-gyn. He scowls. And he doesn't so much hold the baby as give it leave to loiter on his person. Better the chap standing directly behind him. That's intern William B. Hendry, a member of the class of 1904 faculty of medicine, University of Toronto. And of all the young men in the picture, he appears the most delighted with his little charge. Perhaps it is this temperament that serves him as he rises to become one of Toronto's leading obstetrician-gynecologists.

Hendry will have two sons of his own, Jack and George, and we might imagine him holding each of them in such a pleased and tender fashion. Both his sons will follow him into medicine – the old man must have been an inspiration – but both will die young, in service: Jack, accidentally, in 1934, doing postgraduate work seeking a cure for polio; George, lost at sea in World War II. Between the two, on the eve of war, William himself will pass away. His wife, Elizabeth Robertson McMichael, his high school sweetheart, whom he married in 1907, will carry on until 1948, dying, it is said, of a broken heart. There were no grandchildren, no more Hendry babies of that line. ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478 – 167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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7:00 AM	TURNING POINTS					CANADIAN HISTORY	THE BEST OF CANADA
7:30 AM							
8:00 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
8:30 AM	HISTORY BITES						
9:00 AM	CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY SERIES					DOCUMENTARY SERIES	PEOPLE'S CENTURY
9:30 AM							
10:00 AM	ODYSSEYS: CANADA'S MARITIME HISTORY					HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
10:30 AM	SCATTERING OF SEEDS						
11:00 AM	TURNING POINTS						
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					PEOPLE'S CENTURY	WAR STORIES
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM							
4:00 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
4:30 PM	HISTORY BITES						
5:00 PM	COMBAT					HISTORY OF WAR	DOCUMENTARY SERIES
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	ODYSSEYS: CANADA'S MARITIME HISTORY					20TH CENTURY	THE CANADIANS
6:30 PM	SCATTERING OF SEEDS						
7:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY					THE CANADIANS	20TH CENTURY
7:30 PM							
8:00 PM	TURNING POINTS					ANCIENT HISTORY	ANCIENT HISTORY
8:30 PM							
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
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11:00 PM	THE UNTOUCHABLES						
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12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
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2:00 AM	THE UNTOUCHABLES						
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY					DOCUMENTARY SERIES	ANCIENT HISTORY
3:30 AM							
4:00 AM	ARCHAEOLOGY					WESTERN MATINEE	20TH CENTURY
4:30 AM	SECRETS AND MYSTERIES						
5:00 AM	CENTURY OF CONFLICT						THE CANADIANS
5:30 AM							
6:00 AM	COMBAT						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

Programming to change as of January 6, 2002.